

PREMIERE ISSUE!!!

GOLD BELT

WRESTLING

FDC 50024

JUNE 1987
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DON MURACO

Another Bummed-Out Bozo???

RIC FLAIR!

Bruno's Bad Boy

**LARRY
ZBYSZKO**

"I'll Trash
Brown-Nose
Bockwinkel!"

HULK

HAWK

DUSTY

THE SUPERFLY

PLUS MORE

IN COLOR!



Exclusive! Virginia Bowes' ALL AROUND THE MAT

**JUMPIN'
JOE SAVOLDI**



GOLD BELT **WRESTLING**

JUNE 1987 VOLUME 1, NUMBER 1

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5 FIRST ROUND
A Letter To You

6 OUR OFFICIAL RATINGS

8 ALL AROUND THE MAT
News From the
NWA-WWF-ICW CANADA

18 A Best Bout
KRUSHER KRUSCHEV &
IVAN KOLOFF vs
THE KANSAS JAYHAWKS

22 LARRY ZBYSZKO

46 SHERRI MARTEL,
PRETTY BOY DOUG SOMMERS
& PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE



ALL-COLOR PINUP SECTION STARTING PAGE 37



28 DON MURACO

34 A Best Bout
JIMMY GARVIN vs
DON KERNODLE

52 Central Heat
VON ERICH-MANIA!!!
COWBOY BILL WATTS

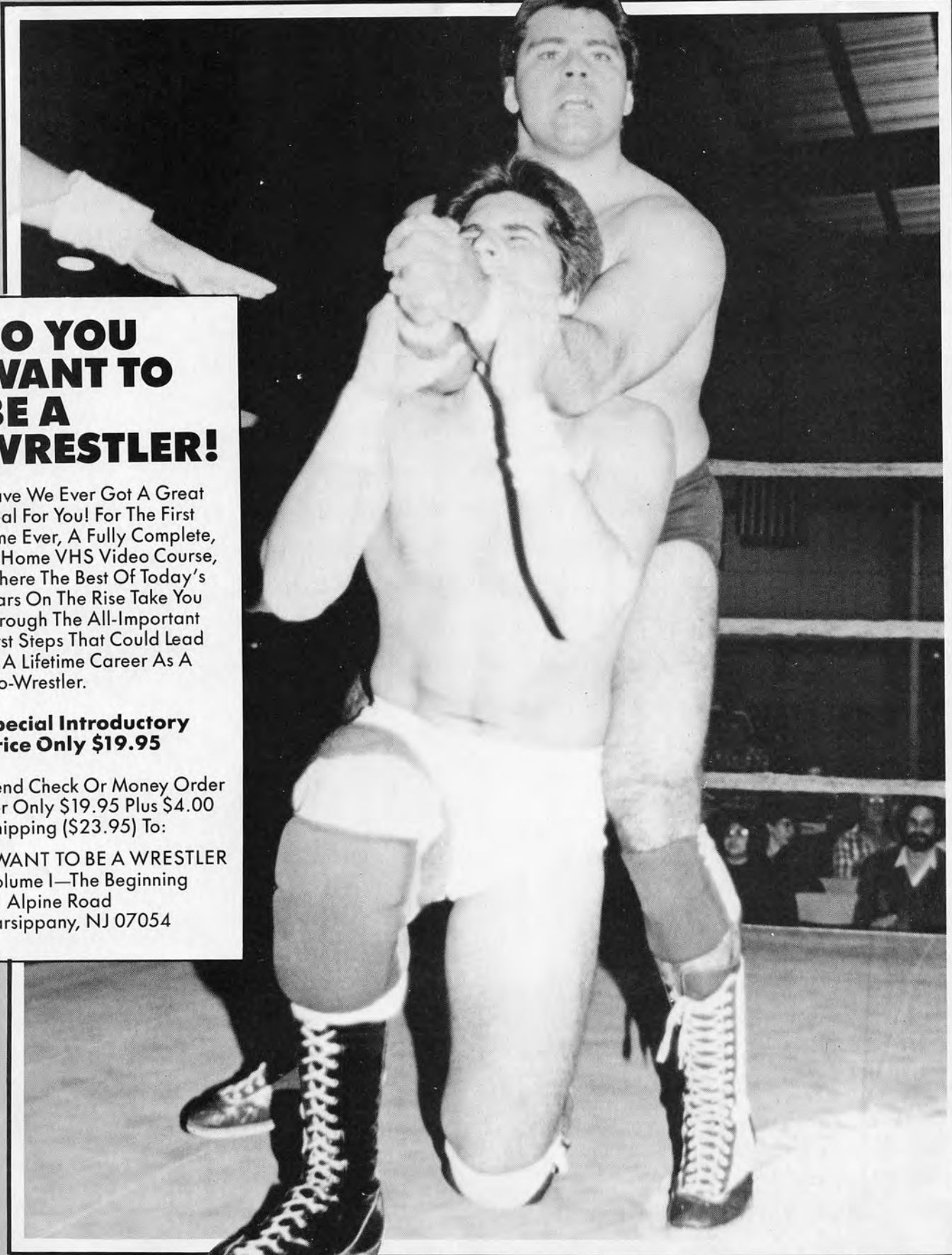
64 SIR OLIVER HUMPERDINK

68 NICK BOCKINKEL vs
COLONEL DEBEERS

72 RICK FLAIR

77 A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE
PHOTOS

GOLD BELT WRESTLING MAGAZINE, June 1987, Volume 1 Number 1, Published nine times a year by GOLD BELT WRESTLING CO., 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10013. Copyright ©1987 by GOLD BELT WRESTLING CO. Distributed worldwide by the Flynt Distributing Company, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Editorial offices: 11th Floor, 155 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10013. Unsolicited material cannot be accepted, and responsibility for unsolicited matter cannot be assumed by GOLD BELT WRESTLING COMPANY. All rights in letters sent to GOLD BELT WRESTLING will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and are subject to GOLD BELT's right to edit and comment editorially. Nothing appearing in GOLD BELT may be reprinted either wholly or in part without the written permission of the editor. GOLD BELT WRESTLING CO. assumes no responsibility for the advertisements, nor any representations made therein, nor the quality or deliverability of the products themselves. Subscriptions: U.S. Possessions, APO and FPO—\$16.95 for nine issues. Canada and Foreign—\$21.00 for nine issues. Single copies—\$2.50 (add \$1.50 for postage and handling). Canadian and Foreign—\$2.95 per single copy (plus \$2.00 postage and handling). Canadian and Foreign requests should be remitted by International money Order in U.S. funds. Send subscription correspondence to GOLD BELT WRESTLING Subscription Department, 155 Avenue of the Americas, 11th Floor, New York, New York 10013. Notify subscription department of change of address at least six weeks in advance. Please include new address and mailing label from most recent issue. GOLD BELT WRESTLING is a trademark of Mavety Media Group Ltd. Printed in U.S.A. All rights reserved.



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FIRST ROUND

We meet again!

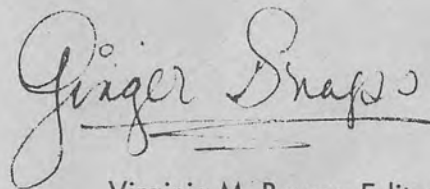
And we warmly welcome you—old friend or new—to this, the premiere issue of *Gold Belt Wrestling*.

Because we're out to make G.B.W. our crowning accomplishment . . . a sort of personal gold belt to mark with glowing pride our years in the business we love . . . what we've done is brought together, and all for the very first time, some of the most robustly knowledgeable, unquenchably devoted and terrifically talented wrestling reporters to be found in any single publication on earth.

Here is the magazine that is ready, willing and more than able to bring you eyeball to eyeball with all the thoroughly hypnotizing, endlessly electrifying and amazingly mesmerizing magic that makes ours the sport of the century.

We now invite you to hop into your favorite easy chair and let us take you deep inside the wide, wild world of wrestling where the boogeymen of your worst nightmares, an American Dream, even a pouting fairy or two, along with all the rest are alive, thriving . . . and waiting for only you.

Enjoy!



Virginia M. Bowes, Editor
Gold Belt Wrestling

Our Official Ratings

HULK HOGAN

LEX LUGAR

AMERICAN

**THE KIWI
SHEEPHERDERS**

PAUL ORNDORFF

CHAMPIONSHIP

RON SIMMONS

WRESTLING

**STEVE KEIRN
& STAN LANE**

**KAREEM MUHAMMED
KENDALL WINDHAM
BAD NEWS ALLEN
ED GANTNER
HACKSAW HIGGINS
CHRIS CHAMPION
SEAN ROYALE
DEWEY FORTE
JERRY GREY**



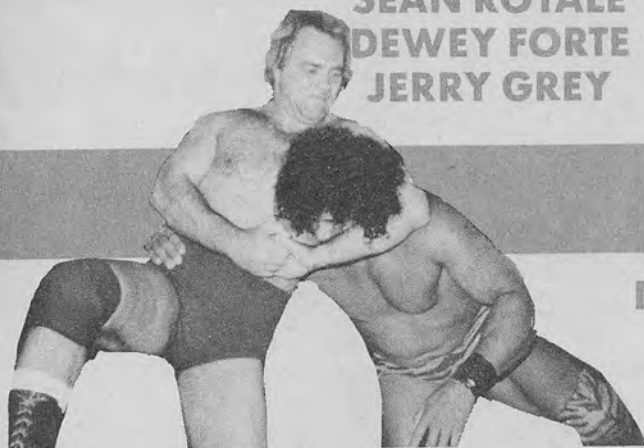
RIC FLAIR

NATIONAL

WRESTLING

ALLIANCE

NIKITA KOLOFF



**TULLY BLANCHARD
LEX LUGAR
WAHOO MCDANIEL
RONNIE GARVIN
JIMMY GARVIN
MANNY FERNANDEZ
THE BULLET
DUSTY RHODES
RICK RUDE**

**JUMPIN'
JOE SAVOLDI**

INTERNATIONAL

OPEN

CHAMPIONSHIP

**BUDDY ROSE &
DOUG SOMMERS**

WRESTLING

**PHIL
APOLLO**

**JIMMY SNUKA
LARRY ZBYSZKO
NICK BOCKWINKEL
KEVIN SULLIVAN
TYREE PRIDE
ERIC SBRACCIA—THE TERMINATOR
SGT. SLAUGHTER
THE LAST WARRIOR
COLONEL DEBEERS**

WOMEN'S

**DEBBIE COMBS
SHERRI MARTEL
FABULOUS MOOLAH
WENDI RICHTER
JUDY MARTIN
MISTY BLUE**

WORLD

THE BRITISH BULLDOGS

WRESTLING

FEDERATION



RANDY SAVAGE

RODDY PIPER

BILLY JACK HAYNES

HARLEY RACE

THE HONKY TONK MAN

DICK SLATER

BUTCH REED

KOKO B. WARE

KAMALA

**THE DREAM TEAM:
GREG VALENTINE
BRUTUS BEEFCAKE**

**ONE
MAN
GANG**

**WILD BILL
IRWIN & BAD
LEROY BROWN**

UNIVERSAL

WRESTLING

ASSOCIATION

**JOHN TATUM &
JACK VICTORY**

**MANNY FERNANDEZ
& RICK RUDE**

**SAVANNAH JACK
THE DINGO WARRIOR
STEVE WILLIAMS
TED DIBIASE
MICHAEL HAYES
BUDDY ROBERTS
THE MISSING LINK
BLADERUNNER STING
RICK STEINER**

THE ROAD WARRIORS

KEVIN VON ERIC

WORLD CLASS

**LANCE VON ERICH &
THE DINGO WARRIOR**

WRESTLING

BLACK BART

ASSOCIATION

**BUZZ SAWYER &
MATT BOURNE**

CHAMPIONS

— **NWA**

— **ICW**

— **WWF**

— **UNIVERSAL**

— **USA**

— **SOUTHERN**

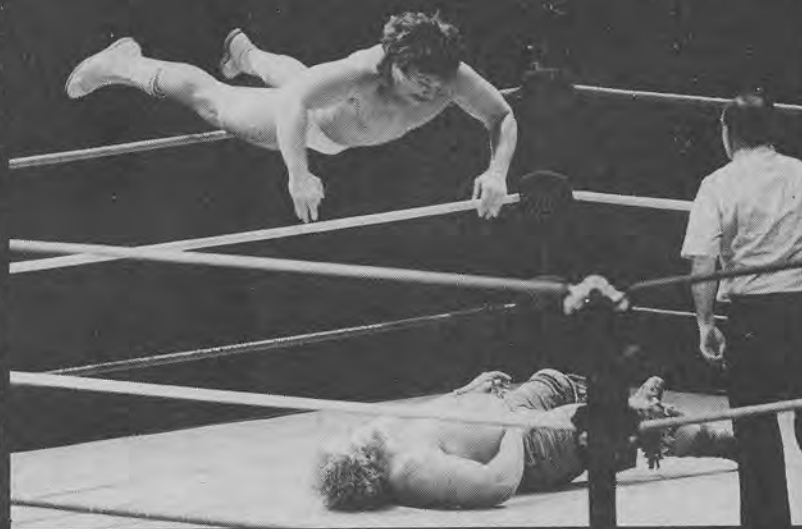
**LANCE VON ERICH
BRIAN ADIAS
MIKE VON ERICH
KERRY VON ERICH
MARK YOUNGBLOOD
STEVE SIMPSON
AL MADRIL
KILLER TIM BROOKS
CRUSHER YURKOV**



Virginia Bowes'

ALL AROUND

THE MAT



THE MAT

ALL AROUND

The latest from everywhere. Plus A special up-close look at what may be His Highness Ric Flair's final fall.

With so much coming down everywhere, we have time for just a fast "Hi" before jumping headlong into the latest news from all around the mat.

NATIONAL WRESTLING ALLIANCE

Ric Flair is still—like always, except for a minor toe-stubbing here and there to keep things interesting—very much the NWA's Heavyweight Champion.

Just now, Nature Boy is brazening his way through what's proving to be the roughest, toughest part of his long, long reign.

Needless to say, rowdy Ric's tenure as title holder has never been a piece of cake—the competition within the Alliance is forever fabulous, and their belts mean far too much to allow for any free rides—but here has arrived the point that will either make him or break him: If he can survive the current challenges with his belt intact, he'll be established as

a true Champ of Champions.

But, notice, the big word here is IF: because aside from the usual get-along-gang always looking to fetter the unflappable King Flair—folks such as Rhodes, Wahoo, the Garvin boys, and so on—new bids on the belt are now coming from such unquenchable spirits as Lex Lugar and Nikita Koloff.

Lex Lugar has been wowing fans in the sunshine state for quite some time. And seeing is believing. The young man has mastered a lion's share of our sport's most exacting maneuvers, which he combines with a supreme virtuosity all his own, to create an in-ring finesse that is breathtaking.

Touting a world title is definitely in the cards for the talented Mr. Lugar, and the NWA's belt would fit him just fine.

But we don't think this is going to happen right away.

Instead, the most forceful raps presently rocking Flair's reign are coming from the corner of Badland's latest defector Nikita Koloff.

Loads of people make light of Ric Flair. This is due in large part to the fact that, with the inevitability of death, taxes and having to go to the bathroom, Ric is periodically brought to his back by The American Dream Dusty Rhodes.

We, ourselves, are at a loss in trying to explain this away, one of the weirdest

phenomena in the wide, weird world of wrestling. It certainly isn't because Nature Boy is being outwrestled by Dream.

Yeah, folks, we love Dusty as dearly as everybody else does. What's not to love? He's a splendid fellow, a wonderful human being and what the good ol' U.S. of A. is all about. Truth to tell, we'd be right proud if he'd marry our sister. That's how much we all think of our Dream Cakes.

Unfortunately, none of this makes him a great, or even passable wrestler.

That Flair has surrendered his belt so often to Rhodes, while managing always to hang-tough against bigger and infinitely better competitors,

must be looked upon as a sort of glitch in Ric's head-works. Who knows? Maybe getting into the ring alongside the huge tub of charisma that is Dusty fells Flair the way an overdose of cotton candy would double-up the rest of us.

But whatever the reason, the fact remains that Flair's frequent falls to The American Dream have caused his entire reign to be viewed with far less respect than it deserves. What so many fail to recognize is that, aside from these only-temporary defeats (mental aberrations?) afflicting his championship, The Nature Boy has constantly defended his belt with a classic verve and unswerving majesty above and beyond any other title holder we can think of. All people do remember are the losses. This is so true that any bozo sticking on a pair of tights and glancing in the direction of the NWA's widest band of gold is enough to set everybody off and running with the rumor that Ric's about to drop his belt.

It isn't going to happen . . . not with just anyone doing the challenging.

But Nikita Koloff is far from "just anyone."

Hailing from a long line of super-pedigree stock, Ivan's nephew has coursing through his veins the same thick Russian blood and indomitable spirit that's been known to overthrow Tsars and call lights-out for Living Legends with equal ease.

Young Koloff has ability, agility, speed, style, strength, and a wealth of maneuvers which can hold their own against no matter what.

When fortune smiled on Nikita in the form of



RIC FLAIR

friendship coming from Magnum T.A., it was the best thing that could have happened. Abandoning the sloppy, boot-stomping ways of old, Koloff can now become the disciplined grappler he was meant to be. And when he finally harnesses all that in-born talent and self-earned prowess, his horizons will have no limit.

We at *Gold Belt Wrestling* are out an out saying that Nikita Koloff poses the single, most formidable threat Ric Flair has ever faced.

Watch and see.

The Rock 'N' Roll Express' titanic legion of fans are still reeling from the stunning defeat dealt their boys by Ragin' Bull Manny Fernandez and Ravishing Rick Rude for the NWA's tag title.

Along with such irrepressible objects as The Boogie Woogie Man Jimmy Valiant and Shaska Whatley, Fernandez and Rude are proud members of Paul Jones' ever-growing army of bad men. At least Paul need have no worry that his new champs will ever get bored. What with the likes of Ivan Koloff and Kruscher Kruschev, the Kansas Jays, Superstar Bill Dundee and Nature Boy Buddy Landell, Jimmy Cornette's Midnight Express and—most notable of all—Ellering's unparalleled Legion of Doom, the calibre of team competition within the Alliance is A-plus all the way and ever-ready to take a shot at whatever belts happen to be around.

Meanwhile, a duo not

known for letting grass grow under their quick-stepping feet, Animal and Hawk have teamed-up with Dusty Rhodes, and together they sport the promo's illustrious six-man-tag title.

And it is quite a feather in Crockett's cap that he was able to get these wandering Warriors to park it for awhile with his Alliance. When you reach the heights, as have Hawk and Animal, money (though it helps) no longer matters all that much. Paul Ellering was instead looking for the place that could provide classy company and fit opponents for the duo that's deservedly been tagged the team of the decade. You see: Everything really does seek its own level.

Debbie Coombs is doing

proud by the NWA Women's Championship belt she bears.

Likewise adding prestige to the already illustrious titles they carry are Barry Windham and Ronnie Garvin, who fill the bill as U.S. Tag Champs.

We just heard from our good friend Gordon Solie. Long revered in song and verse as Lord of the Ring, we call Gordon a gentleman and gentle person.

Now marching under the banner of American Championship Wrestling, his promotion numbers among its ranks no less than Lex Luger, Kendall Windham, Bad News Allen, Women's Southern Champ Misty Blue, Dewey Forte, Ron Simmons, Sean Royale, Chris Champion, Hacksaw Higgins, Kareem Muhammed, and Ed "The Bull" Gantner—these last three the cornerstones

upon which Sir Oliver is restructuring his infamous House of Humperdink (Read all about it, beginning page 64)—it's easy to see why the fan demand is so great; ACW is obliged to run cards just about every night of the week.

But the hottest news from the sunshine state is Gordon's new TV talk show. Called "Pro Wrestling This Week," it originated in Atlanta and was so well

received that it will soon be seen all across our country. The format features film clips of particularly outstanding bouts, news from everywhere and interviews with those who count, with the whole thing crossing promotional boundaries so that all—the W.W.F., N.W.A., U.W.F., Texas, Continental: in short, who and whatever makes the world of wrestling go 'round will be heard from. Leave it to Gordon to bring us all together!

Changing the name of your promotion—if you happen to own a promotion—must be a new fad. And it's catching on. Lia Maivia, wife of the late High Chief Peter, tells us that the Hawaiian-based group she and The Chief founded has been re-named World Pacific Wrestling.

This group is like a tiny gem in the sea. A recent card, which played to a full house of really appreciative fans, boasted an array of mat masters from the far-off corners of the world. On hand were Gary Hart with his Butcher, Adrian Street, Superfly Tui, Debbie Coombs who defeated Donna Day in defense of the N.W.A. Women's crown, Bruiser Brody, The Samoan Connection, Victor Rivera, and those unbelievable boys from Japan, Antonio Inoki and Tatsumi "Dragon" Fujinami.

It's no wonder that while every promotion around has tried their damndest to take the Polynesian islands for themselves, Hawaiian fans steadfastly stick to what they have: the best.

Let's now take a look-see at the group we're finding the most fun to watch:



PAUL ELLERING AND THE ROAD WARRIORS

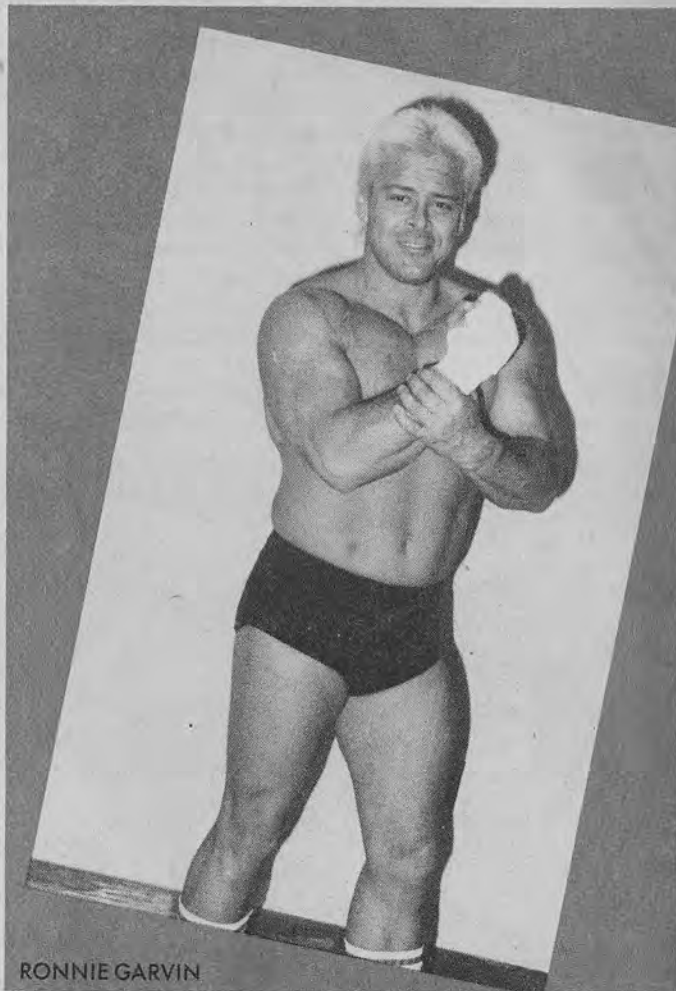
INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING

As chief promoters, Angelo and Mario Savoldi are doing a magnificent job. The quality of their offerings is so fine that, except for Vinnie McMahon's vast Federation, I.C.W. now has more time on the tube than any other promotion in the land (time, we might add, they copped on merit rather

than bought with money).

Their champ is Jumpin' Joe Savoldi—he being the razzle-dazzle kid with the god-like bod, whose incomparable wrestling skills fairly set the U.W.F. on fire.

Frequently with the group are Bruiser Brody, Larry Zbyszko, Colonel DeBeers, Caribbean Champ Tyree Pride, Afa,



RONNIE GARVIN

the patriarch and Big Papa of the riotous Samoan clique, Austin Idol, Kevin Sullivan, and our personal favorite (as well as everyone else's) Superfly Jimmy Snuka.

What we especially like about the group is that while they put to good use the top-name talent on their rolls, Mario and Angie also do what they can to give something back to the sport by lending a helping hand to talented young hopefuls.

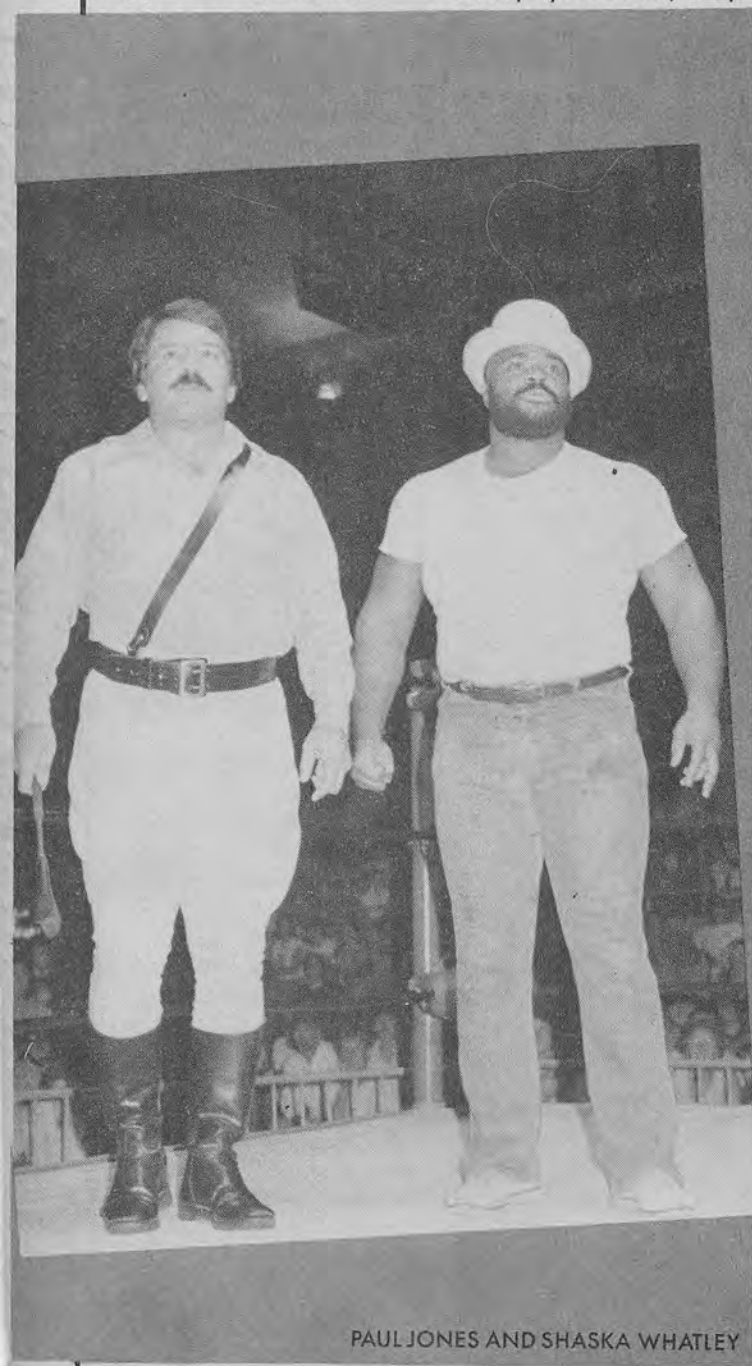
Two such youngsters with the wherewithal to eventually take it to the top are Phil Apollo and The Terminator

I.C.W.'s Vice President and General Manager Debbie Deagle—rhyme it

with bagel—tells us that Apollo has been with the group since its start and ripped his way up the ranks to where he is the top contender for Savoldi's title. And we've seen it for ourselves: The gent in question possesses a wild, unbridled talent and potential which are equalled by nothing . . . except his ego.

On the flipside of that shiny new coin is The Terminator, whose skills are a celebration of the sport in which he is bound to make his mark.

If you want to catch a couple of stars on the rise and a whole galaxy going at full-blast, treat yourself to a night out with the I.C.W.



PAUL JONES AND SHASKA WHATLEY

WORLD WRESTLING FEDERATION

Make you a deal: if you, dear reader, promise to never diddle-jerk us around, we'll swear to return the favor.

The fact is that the W.W.F. is great and the guiding force that led our sport out from a sort of no-man's land—wrestling, until so very recently, was considered unfit to be mentioned in polite society (if you were hooked to the

stuff, you kept it secret)—to where it is now the single, most widely attended spectator event in the world.

Those with axes to grind and others who feel similarly obliged to dump on the Federation complain about the glitz and gimmicks employed by the company.

Agreed: Vince does seem to have a taste for

showmanship. But is that so bad? We think not because—look around you—there is not one promoter worth his salt who has not copied at least a little something from McMahon's notebook. Since imitation is still the highest compliment, he must be doing something right.

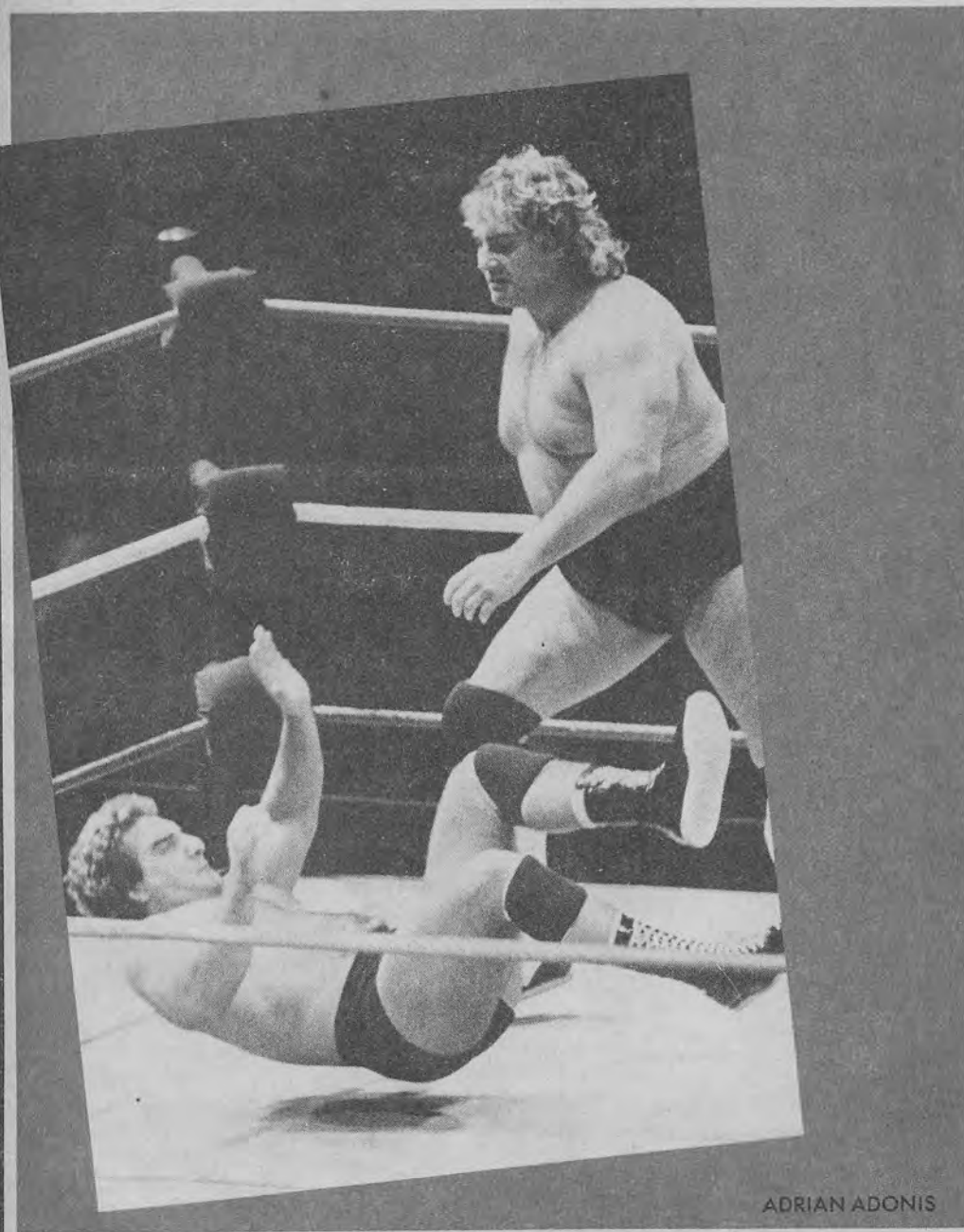
But, too, there comes a time when the rap ceases

and the rhinestone robe is dropped at the ring's apron. All that's then left in the middle of the squared circle is a man and his talent.

And here's how the Federation stands on that count: Hulk Hogan is at the head, then there's Don Muraco, Adrian Adonis, Cowboy Bob Orton, Macho Man Randy Savage, Rowdy Roddy Piper, Andre The Giant, Birdman Koko B. Ware, Leapin' Lanny Poffo, Tito Santana, King Harley Race, King Kong Bundy, Pedro Morales, Paul Orndorff, The Honky Tonk Man, Butch Reed, Jake "The Snake" Roberts, Big John Studd, Superstar Billy Graham, Billy Jack Haynes, Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat, Dick Slater, The Ugandan Headhunter Kamala, Iron Mike Sharp, Pat Patterson, Special Delivery Jones, Heenan's Hercules, and at least a dozen others—each and every one of whom has got to come in high on anybody's list of the very best.

And that's only those known chiefly as individual competitors. Now we come to the teams. Presently holding places on Titan's roll call are the world champion British Bulldogs, Greg "The Hammer" Valentine and Brutus Beefcake, The Hart Foundation, brothers Raymond and Jacques Rougeau, The Killer Bees, The Machines, Nikolai Volkoff and The Sheik, The U.S. Express, the Can-Am Connection, and The Islanders.

Who's kidding who?
Ain't nobody kidding us!
Macho Man Randy Savage is still the Intercon-



ADRIAN ADONIS

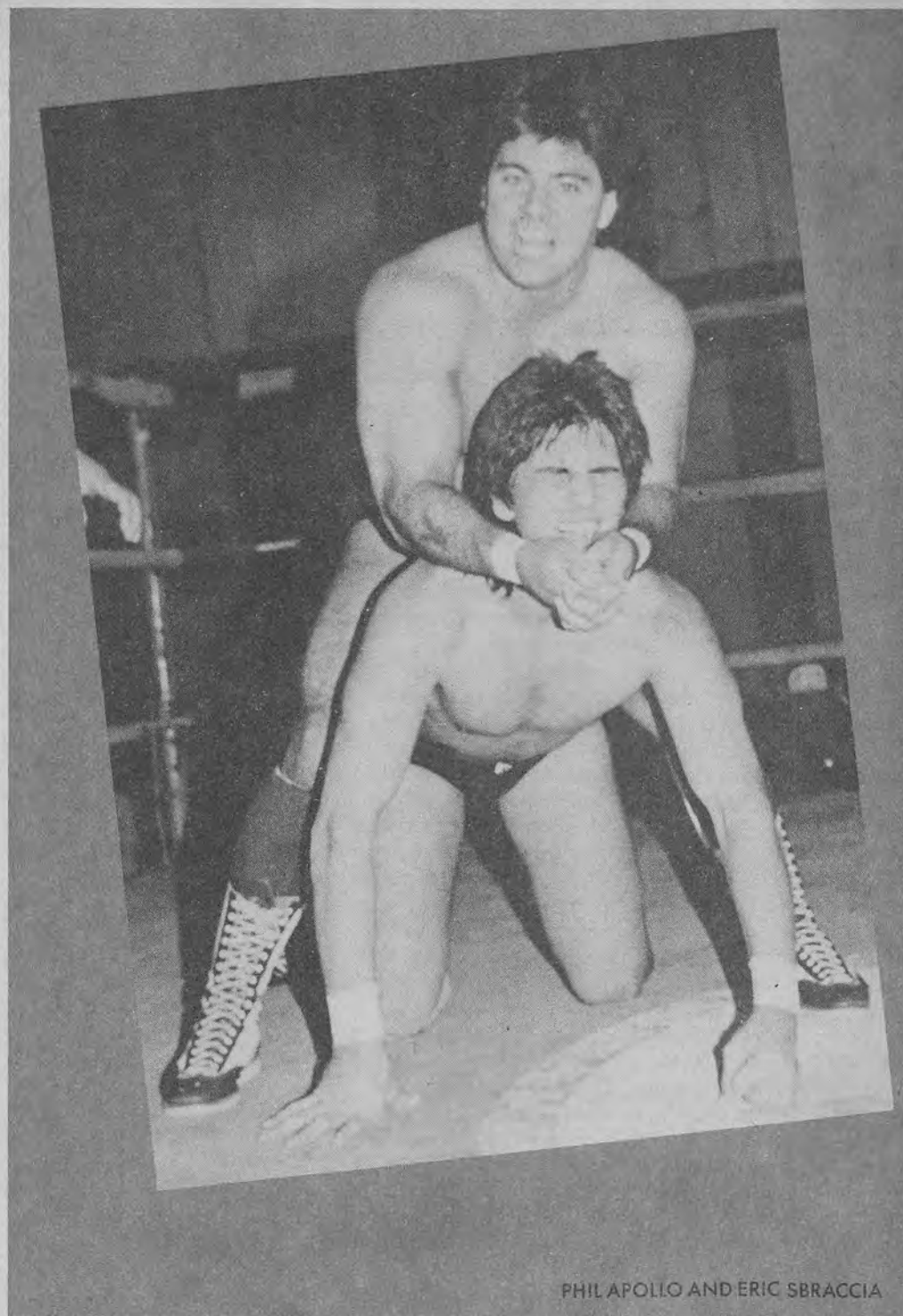
tinental champ, and those inspired defenses of his title have taken him into that most elite circle where, like Bruiser Brody, The Road Warriors and The Superfly, his "bad man" status is no longer enough to hide from fans the fact that here stands one hell of a wrestler.

So glad that Rick Martel, and Tom Zenk too; have come to a place where their talent will be used . . . rather than abused.

Why are people so all-fired surprised that lumpy Adrian Adonis can still drop-kick with the best of them? Thought everyone knew that fairies can fly.

And how come all were stunned by Paul Orndorff's betrayal of The Hulkster? After all, as the promotion pointed out in its very own magazine, Mr. Wonderful (as well as the writer of this column and about 1/12th of *their* readers) was born under the sign of scorpio . . . you know: one of those cold, crawly things that slithers around on its belly all the time. (Tut-tut-tut; and the Federation with a whole p.r. staff on hand to keep them from making blunders like this. We didn't much care for that remark and were waiting for a chance to ram it down their collective throats.)

With all due respect to Mr. Tunney and Arnie Skaaland who represent the WWF's executive office, the care and feeding of ring officials is the job of the various state athletic commissions. As we've pointed out so many times before, these commissions, with only one or two exceptions nationally, are vast wastelands, inhabited by silly old men, all wearing their even sillier little tin badges. "Referee" Danny



PHIL APOLLO AND ERIC SBRACCIA

Davis is a prime example of what can go wrong when there's no intelligent life watching out for the public interest. Davis is a disgrace to his uniform. If we had our way, he'd be wearing stripes all right . . . and kept on a steady diet of bread and water!

Does anybody happen to know just what it is that Bruno Sammartino is supposed to be doing during the organization's TV tapings? It certainly can't be providing color commentary, as his comments give off about as much "color" and plain old pizzazz as a beer-drenched garden

slug. But his cluck-cluck-clucking over what the rule breakers are "doing to wrestling" does tend to inspire a chuckle or two among those who remember when Bruno nearly brought the whole kit and caboodle down around our ears.

Imbued as we are with

the true spirit of public service, *Gold Belt Wrestling* takes this time out to remind you that those old sayings we first learned at our mothers' knee are as relevant today as they were a hundred years back. Among our personal favorites are "When the going gets tough, the tough get going," as well

as the never to be forgotten "A watched pot never boils" (though watching a pot is lots smarter than smoking it), then there's the one we like best, and it goes "There's no one with more religion than a reformed old streetwalker."

Bet you didn't know that long before we Americans "discovered" wrestling,

the sport had more than come into its own north and south of our borders. We hope that each of you will someday soon get to Mexico, the place where

every wrestler without exception is what we call a master of the flying maneuver. Meantime, we're going to take you on a trip 'way up North.

CANADA

Our excellent Canadian correspondent Doug Chambers tells us that wrestling's very much alive and doing extremely well for itself throughout the country.

Though enjoying frequent visits from the WWF to its largest arenas, the province of Quebec is mostly promoted by International Wrestling, a group, Doug reports that goes all over and is much appreciated by the fans.

International's heavy-weight champ is that one-man-riot we yanks know as Dr. D. David Shultz, who comes up a great fan favorite in these parts. Premier bad boys Sheik Ali and Richard Charland hold the tag belts. Crowd-pleasers around the promo include Lumberjack Joe LeDuc, Dan Kroffat, as well as the team of Sonny War Cloud and Joe Lightfoot. Those on the bad guy side of the maple leaf are Hercules Ayala, Sweet Daddy Siki and the brother team of Rocky and Bob Dellaserra.

The group's TV shows are hosted by Milt Avruskin along with Gino Brito Sr. and former WWF headliner Angelo Mosca (and did you catch Angelo on television's *Night Heat*? This guy can act!)

Aside from all his other commitments, Mosca is

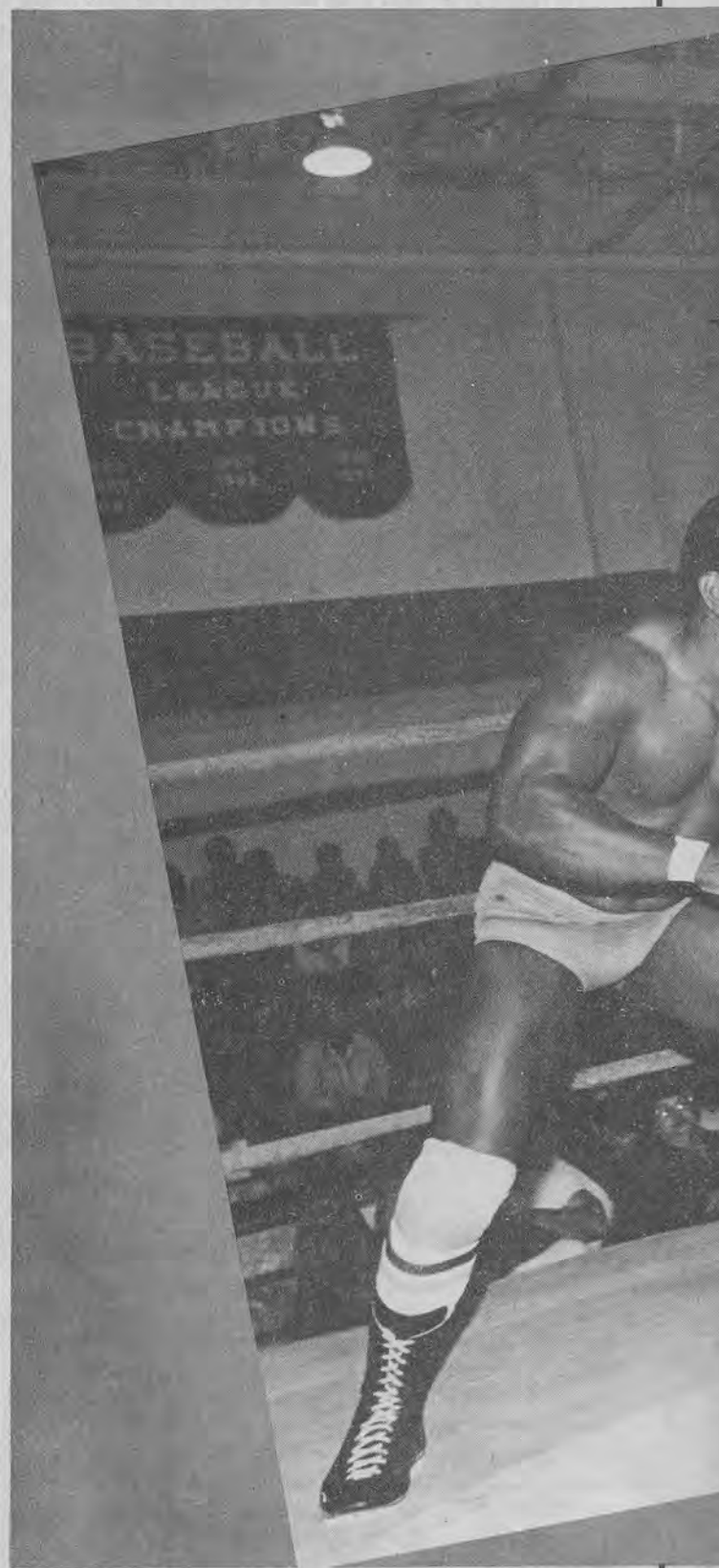
also promoting occasional cards in Ontario, where he uses an intriguing mixture of NWA and international talent.

Emile Dupre's Atlantic Grand Prix does the honors in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

Based in Calgary, Stu Hart's Stampede Wrestling is back to regularly doing its thing in Alberta and Saskatchewan, with occasional excursions into Manitoba and British Columbia. In the territory are mat vet Les Thornton, The Cuban Assassin, Makhhan Singh, The Vietcong Express, Tom McGhee, and Ted Arcidi. This must be quite a place because, among others, here's where the British Bull Dogs, Brett "Hitman" Hart and Jim "The Anvil" Neidhart all more or less had their starts.

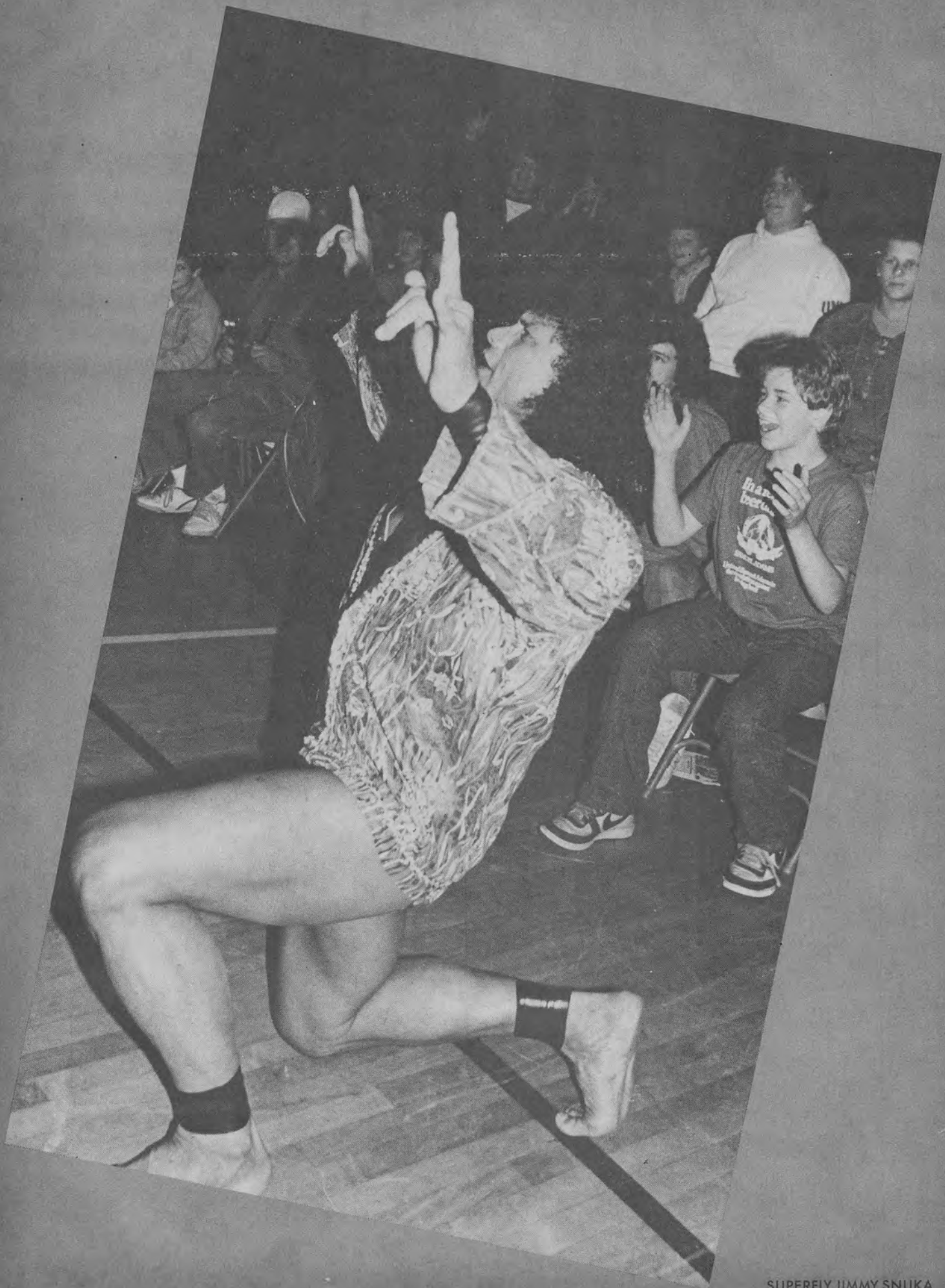
Then, in British Columbia, Al Tomko is the promoter of note, culling his cards from star students attending his world-famous wrestling school.

Also worth mentioning is that this past summer the WWF held an outdoor show in Toronto that played to some 65,000 fans and was the biggest-drawing event of the entire season, outdoing Phil Collins and Genesis which came in second with a paid gate of 61,000.





TYREE PRIDE AND ALI KHAN



SUPERFLY JIMMY SNUKA

A Few Final Words:

Magnum T.A. is in desperate shape. He never needed to hear from a friend more than right now. Please let Terry know that you haven't forgotten and are behind him 100%. Address your cards and letters to

Terry Allen
c/o Charlotte Memorial
Hospital
P.O. Box 32861
Charlotte, NC 28232

Please don't forget. Do it today.

We've decided that World Class and the UWF are in need of a reporter who can remain constantly on the scene. To this end, we've hooked up with Mr. Tracy Ringolsby, a supremely qualified sportswriter and, in fact, President of The Baseball Writers' Association.

Tracy's valued insights on these two powerhouse promotions begin on page 52. Be sure to check them out.

You probably think you've caught us in a

kingsize screw-up because we've neglected to give word on one of the so-called major promotions. "Major?" By whose standards? Certainly not ours.

When an organization goes and gets itself involved in tax write-offs and/or suicide missions, we suppose it's their business.

But why should we sanctify such cruddy doings with a place in our magazine? (Said magazine being our business.) Therefore, since

we have neither the space nor, frankly, the desire to even talk about it any more, let's not bother.

And that has to be the most eloquent commentary we could make.

FLASH!!!

Just as GBW was going to press, we received an urgent phone call from Vice President Deagle at International Championship Wrestling headquarters.

The word is that Phil Apollo has slapped ICW with an injunction demanding that Champ Joe Savoldi immediately make himself available to enter into a title match with the territory's top contender or be stripped of his belt, which would then be handed over to that #1 contender. . . who just so happens to be one and the same Mr. Phil Apollo.

Ms. Deagle tells us that the big problem here is that Joe is on a nationwide tour and, so far, the office's attempts at reaching him have been unsuccessful.

And when this lady talks about a "big problem", she ain't just awhistlin' Dixie: unless Joe comes back right away or ICW surrenders the belt—which Savoldi has with him—over to the state athletic commission, the group will be prohibited from running any cards and be forced to pay fines which could range anywhere upwards from \$1,000 a day.

Joe, if you are reading this, please get in touch with the home office right away. Your promotion needs you.

FLASH!!!



PAUL ORNDORFF

GOLD BELT TAKES YOU TO A

BEST BOUNT



IVAN KOLOFF and KRUSHER KRUSCHEV

V
S

THE KANSAS JAYHAWKS



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE M. CARRINO
RINGSIDE REPORT—GINGER SNAPS

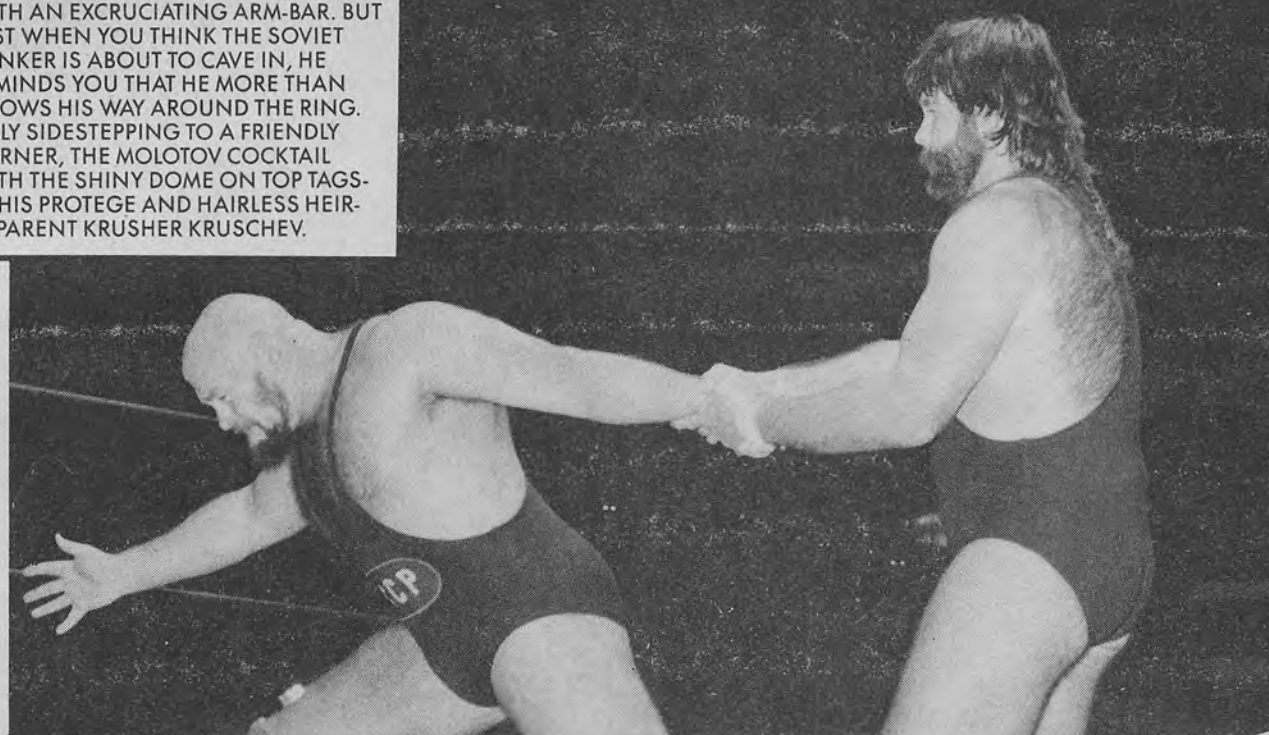
Making one's mark in the land of perfection-personified that's so proudly hailed as Crockett Country is a mighty tough proposition, and often even the best wrestler can do with a little help

from a friend.

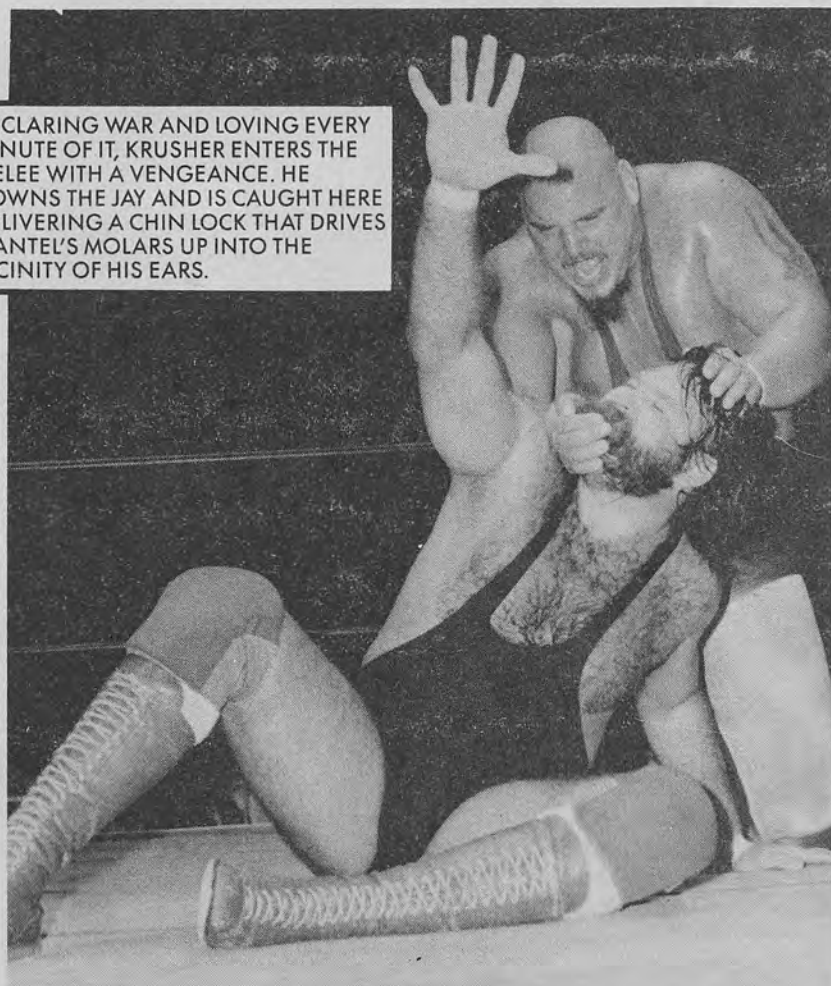
So it happened that Dutch Mantel and Bobby Jagers—known far and long for their individual feats of derring-do—joined forces to form The Kansas Jayhawks.

Beginning at the bottom, Dutch and Bobby beat their way up the rock-'em-sock-'em ranks and finally hit the heights with the encounter that pitted them against one of the premier teams of all times.

ALL REVVED-UP AND RARIN' TO GO, MANTEL AND KOŁOFF SET THE PACE AT FAST AND FURIOUS. FOREGOING THE USUAL REFEREE'S HOOK-UP, DUTCH IMMEDIATELY TAKES THE OFFENSIVE WITH AN EXCRUCIATING ARM-BAR. BUT JUST WHEN YOU THINK THE SOVIET STINKER IS ABOUT TO CAVE IN, HE REMINDS YOU THAT HE MORE THAN KNOWS HIS WAY AROUND THE RING. SLYLY SIDESTEPPING TO A FRIENDLY CORNER, THE MOLOTOV COCKTAIL WITH THE SHINY DOME ON TOP TAGS- IN HIS PROTEGE AND HAIRLESS HEIR- APPARENT KRUSHER KRUSCHEV.



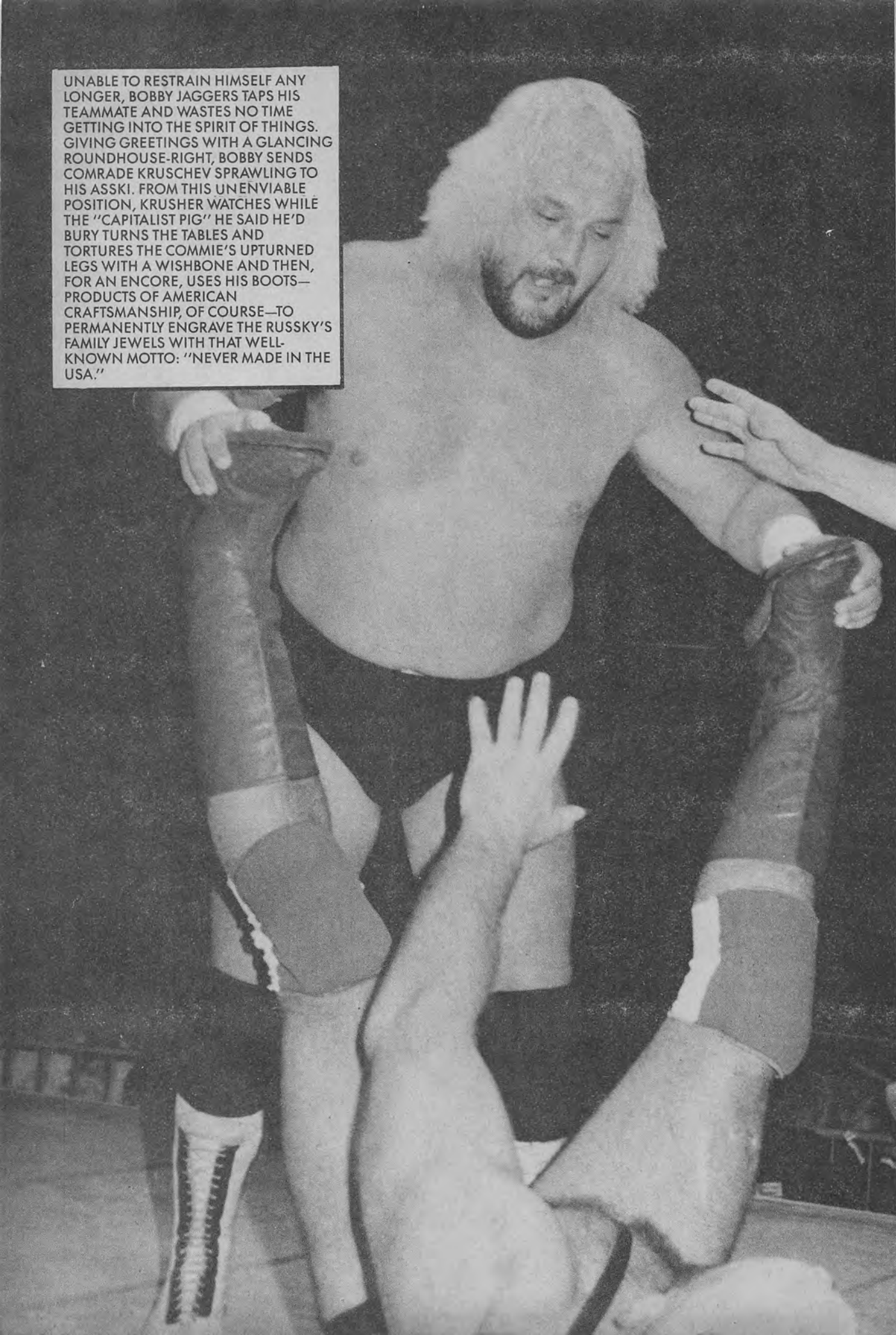
DECLARING WAR AND LOVING EVERY MINUTE OF IT, KRUSHER ENTERS THE MELEE WITH A VENGEANCE. HE DOWNS THE JAY AND IS CAUGHT HERE DELIVERING A CHIN LOCK THAT DRIVES MANTEL'S MOLARS UP INTO THE VICINITY OF HIS EARS.



BUT KRUSHER HAS MET ONE GOOD OL' BOY WHO ISN'T ABOUT TO LET PINKO SLIME GET AWAY WITH SUCH GOINGS- ON. THROWING HIMSELF INTO THE ROPES, DUTCH THUNDERS OFF IN A BIG BODY-BLOCK AND REVERSE CLOTHESLINE JUST POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLAST THE ENTIRE USSR TO THE BOTTOM OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



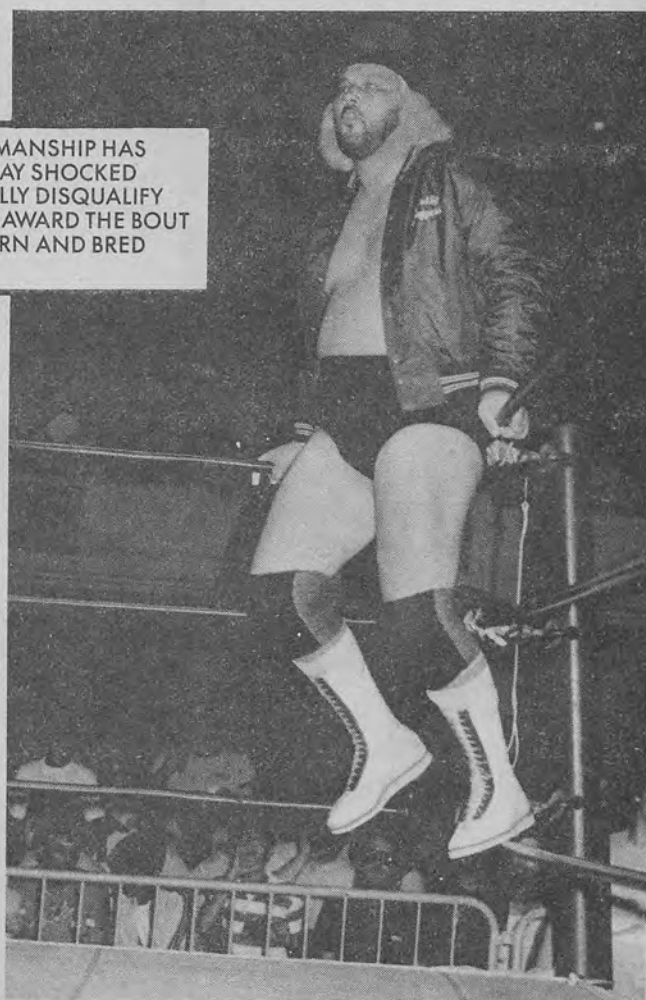
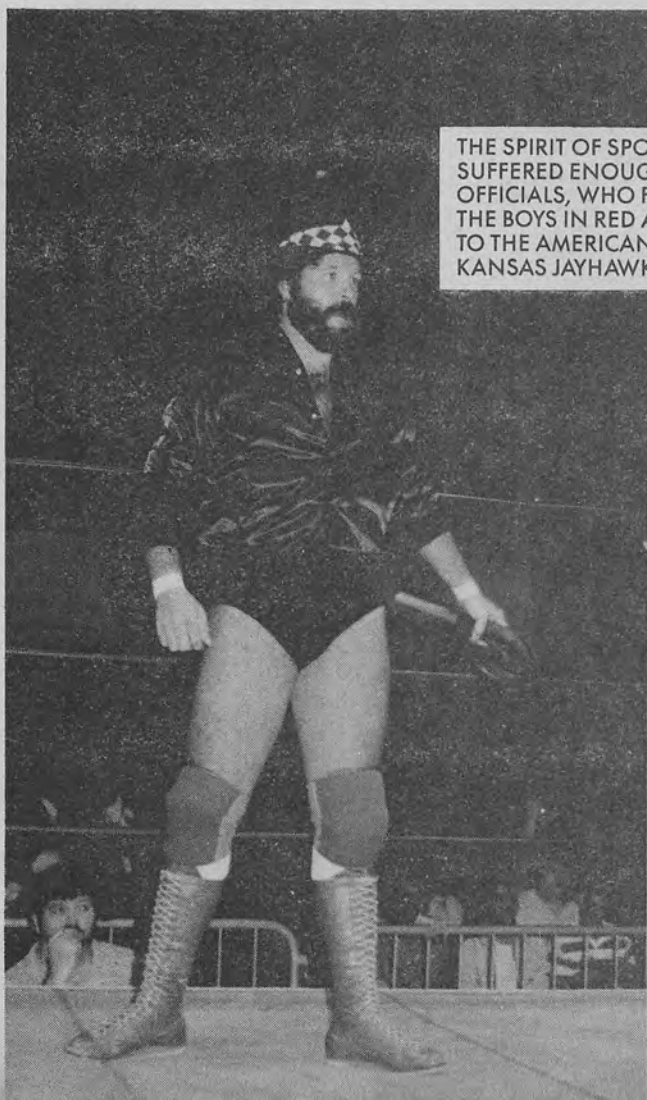
UNABLE TO RESTRAIN HIMSELF ANY LONGER, BOBBY JAGGERS TAPS HIS TEAMMATE AND WASTES NO TIME GETTING INTO THE SPIRIT OF THINGS. GIVING GREETINGS WITH A GLANCING ROUNDHOUSE-RIGHT, BOBBY SENDS COMRADE KRUSCHEV SPRAWLING TO HIS ASSKI. FROM THIS UNENVIABLE POSITION, KRUSHER WATCHES WHILE THE "CAPITALIST PIG" HE SAID HE'D BURY TURNS THE TABLES AND TORTURES THE COMMIE'S UPTURNED LEGS WITH A WISHBONE AND THEN, FOR AN ENCORE—USES HIS BOOTS—PRODUCTS OF AMERICAN CRAFTSMANSHIP, OF COURSE—TO PERMANENTLY ENGRAVE THE RUSSKY'S FAMILY JEWELS WITH THAT WELL-KNOWN MOTTO: "NEVER MADE IN THE USA."



SLITHERING OUT FROM THE PIN BY WAY OF A FOOT SLIPPED OVER THE BOTTOM ROPE, KRUSCHEV TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE REF'S DEMAND FOR A CLEAN BREAK AND ADDS INJURY TO INSULT WITH A PEARL HARBOR BLITZ FROM BEHIND.



THE SPIRIT OF SPORTSMANSHIP HAS SUFFERED ENOUGH, SAY SHOCKED OFFICIALS, WHO FINALLY DISQUALIFY THE BOYS IN RED AND AWARD THE BOUT TO THE AMERICAN-BORN AND BRED KANSAS JAYHAWKS.



LARRY ZBYSZKO

A HERITAGE OF HIGH HOPES

BY MR. FRANK AMATO

So completely proud that he, all by himself, pushed wrestling's Living Legend into the slow death of early retirement, Larry Zbyszko now calls himself Bruno's better.

Maybe he's right. Maybe he isn't. All that's for sure is that Zbyszko has won for himself the loathing of fans and wrestlers the world over.

Read on now as GBW's best known journalist attempts to unravel the tricky inner-workings of this complex, unhappy man.

Larry Zbyszko is wrestling's loner. He's a loner in his personal life as well. And that's the way he wants it. In fact, let anyone try to get close, and watch Larry run as if from the plague. He may team with a wrestler. But he keeps the relationship always on a business-only level. He rarely has a kind word for anybody. In his dealings, both in the ring and out, he does his best to brutalize, either physically or verbally, any who cross his path.

Larry Zbyszko asks from the world only that it be his hand that's raised in victory at bout's end. And he doesn't care how he does it.

Recently, The Loner formed a team with a guy named Go, who turns out to be a Japanese martial arts expert. So far, the united efforts of this duo have been rewarded with great success. But since Zbyszko has a reputation for succeeding at whatever he does, this isn't at all surprising. The surprise comes from the fact that Go seems to get on well with the strange Mr. Z. One reason for this could be that the gent from Japan speaks almost no English. Another is that he just hasn't been around Zbyszko long enough to understand what he's really like. Not yet. But he will soon enough. And what's sure is that Go, like everyone else who's ever had the misfortune of doing business with Larry, will learn the lesson of his life, and he'll learn it the hard way.

The first to go down the line this way was Bruno Sammartino. Bruno, of course, was and is wrestling's Living Legend. Who will ever forget the blood and back-stabbing that brought an abrupt end to this, one of the great ring friendships of all times?

Soon after, Zbyszko left the WWF, while Sammartino announced his retirement. Many felt Bruno had finally been defeated by a broken heart. Only The Loner was jubilant.

Because he'd been the one to finally run Sammartino out of his beloved sport, Larry instantly proclaimed himself Bruno's better.

"I was tired of having to stay in Sammartino's shadow and eat the crumbs off his table. All he ever did was humiliate me. But now he's paid the price," crowed Zbyszko.

"Bruno could not beat me. So, he retired. And this makes me—ME—The New Living Legend."

Nick Bickwinkel became the second in a long line of those who were to learn all about the hard-earned misery that comes from befriending Zbyszko.

Meeting in the AWA, the two formed a solid partnership. Both so talented but diverse in their approach to their chosen profession, they made a perfect team and quickly mounted the ladder of tag competition.

Their split came like a clap of thunder. Zbyszko had taken on Greg Gagne during one of the Association's TV tapings, while his "pal" Nick handled the color commentary. Having more than his share of troubles with young Greg, The Loner grabbed the set of nunchucks he'd lately taken to carrying around with him—these nunchucks are the oriental version of a billy club—and downed Gagne in what had to have been at least one of the most colossally brutal attacks ever seen on the tube. Nick entered the ring and attempted to calm the berserk Zbyszko but suddenly lay unconscious next to Greg. Bickwinkel himself felled by a similarly ferocious attack.

Larry insists, "Bockwinkel did not try to calm me, as he claims, or help me in any way. What he actually said was, 'You are embarrassing me.' I then realized that good old Nick was out only for good old Nick. So, I belted him.

"Larry Zbyszko needs nobody. What I've accomplished in wrestling, I did by myself. I offer no excuses. Only the weak apologize."

Apologize? Zbyszko? Don't hold your breath, fans.

To be sorry is to have a conscience. And here is one of the few things that Master Zbyszko will never, never be accused of.

One glowing example of this, among so many glowing examples, is that incident down South when The Loner, fresh from the WWF and that disgrace involving Bruno, settled into the NWA and paid Killer Tom Brooks \$25,000 for the Georgia National Championship (as it was then known).

He pranced about the territory, proudly parading his belt for all to see and marvel over, not in the least concerned that he'd done zero to earn it.

Not too suprisingly, NWA officials saw things differently and promptly stripped Zbyszko of this very expensive piece of gold.

He was furious and fumed, "I paid good money for that belt. Nowhere in the rulebook does it say that you can't buy a championship."

At the demand of Alliance promoters, a tournament was booked, wherein the big prize of the night would be the disputed title. Larry grudgingly entered and emerged the champion, beating-out Mr. Wrestling II for this honor.

"I just proved that I deserve the belt," was his immediate summary of the situation, "because, as I tried to tell everyone, I am the best.

"All of you better get used to the fact that I, and I alone, am wrestling's real super-power."

What a different Larry Zbyszko he was back in 1972, when first he turned pro. Quiet, humble, willing to listen to advice from seasoned veterans, and always so grateful. This was an all-



around good kid. How everybody cheered when, in '73, he was overwhelmingly voted Rookie of the Year! After that, he took the California TV title. From there, he returned to the East where, with Tony Garea, he won the WWF Tag Team Championship from The Yukon Lumberjacks. Aside from so much professional glory, the youngster was given that most priceless commodity of all: true friends. Bruno became his fond mentor, staunchest fan and was better to the dishwasher-blond than a father. And Garea was like his own brother.

But, then, Larry's attitude went into a sort of tailspin. Some say his ego was so knocked out of joint when he and Tony dropped their belts to Luscious Johnny and Gentleman Jerry Valiant that he looked for scapegoats on whom to blame his team's defeat... instead of looking inside himself.

Said Larry, "You work so hard to gain a little recognition, and just like that, it's gone. I was cheated. And I was just so tired of being Bruno's 'protégé'—a sort of glorified lap dog for the Legend to push around and make do tricks.

"Changes had to be made. I was resolved to become my own person. Then came that match with Sammartino, and the rest is history."

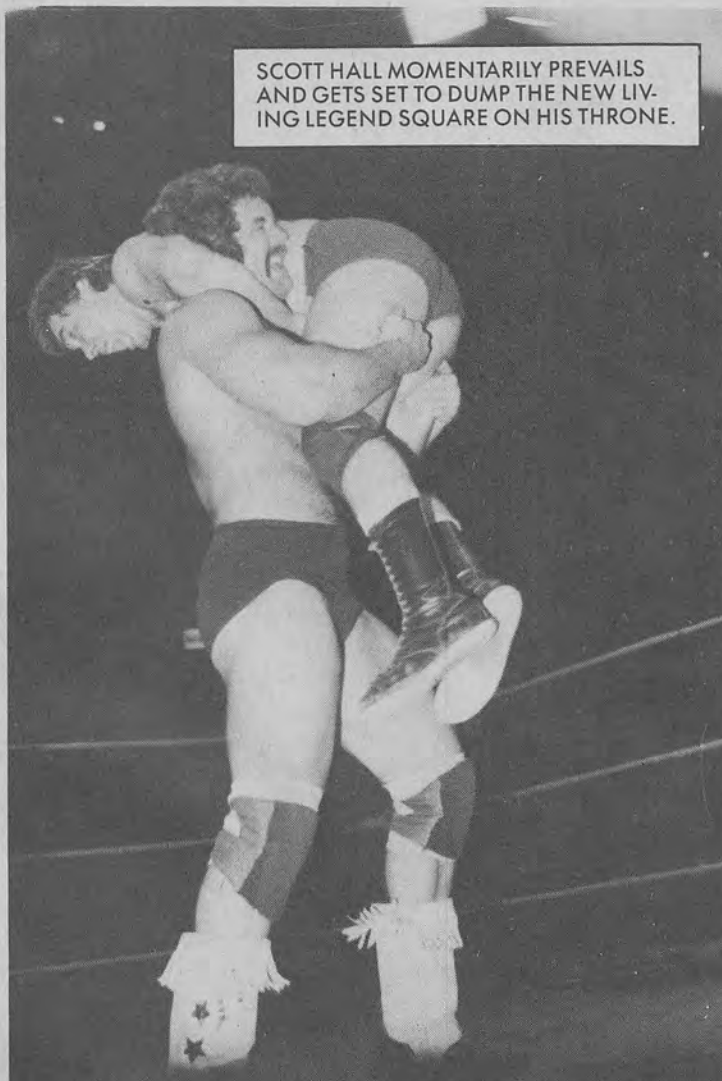
"Changes," he said; a complete turnabout in fact.

Gone was the hard-working, humble rookie. In his place strutted a loud and brash know-it-all, as vicious verbally as physically, with the common

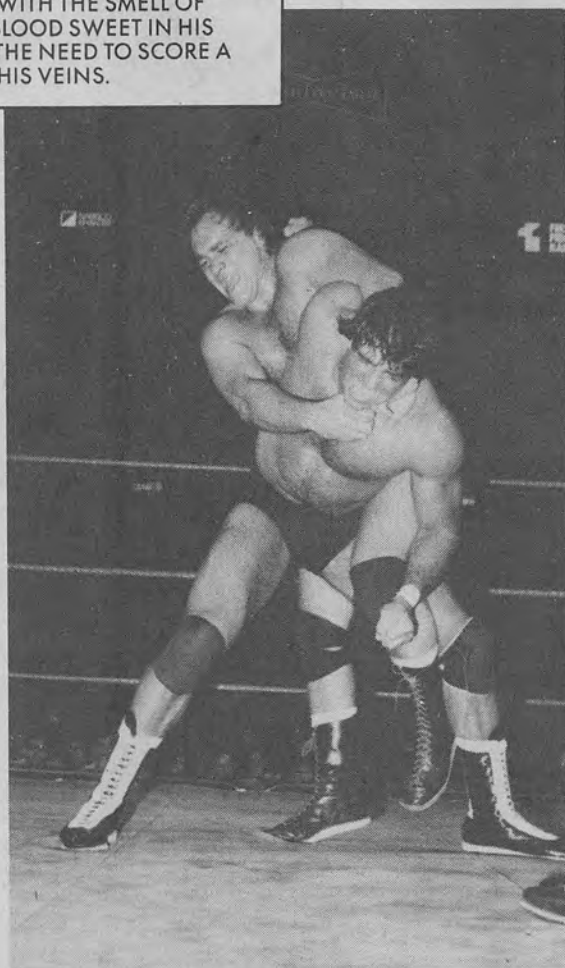




THE LONER PURSUED RICK MARTEL LIKE A YOUNG LION WITH THE SMELL OF FRESH-SPILLED BLOOD SWEET IN HIS NOSTRILS AND THE NEED TO SCORE A BIG KILL HOT IN HIS VEINS.



SCOTT HALL MOMENTARILY PREVAILS AND GETS SET TO DUMP THE NEW LIVING LEGEND SQUARE ON HIS THRONE.



brawler's lust for blood.

The Loner states, "Attitude makes the difference. The old Zbyszko was passive. I listened to the wrong people. I let others control me. But now I call the shots. I control my destiny.

"And I am destined to hold the World Championship. I don't care who's presently holding the title. I don't care how I do it. I just want what is mine."

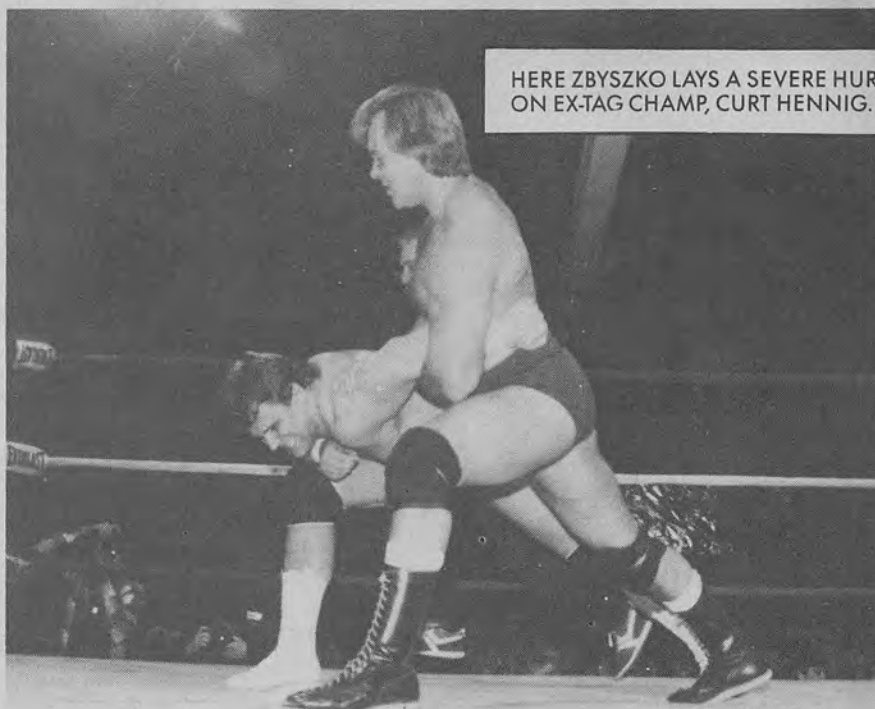
Since taking the AWA by storm, The Loner has been a force almost constantly steeped in the thickest controversy. He quickly won the Association's America's Championship via a tournament in Mexico. And this he defended like a true champ. . . until

his run-in with a tough leatherneck by the name of Sgt. Slaughter.

Losing was another bitter experience... and with it again came the need to blame others.

"The AWA has never liked me just being in their territory. And there are people in the Association's offices who are out to keep me from taking the title," he asserts. "So, in Chicago, I was given a fast count. Nobody can tell me any different. I know that I can't be beat unless the officials are being paid off."

Wearing the AWA's belt was and is The Loner's big aim in life. Rick Martel was the champ, and Zbyszko pursued him with a ruthlessness that horrified. Time after time, their many matches were like battles between wounded animals. But Zbyszko, try as he did, kept coming up empty. And here was another bitter pill to swallow.



HERE ZBYSZKO LAYS A SEVERE HURTING ON EX-TAG CHAMP, CURT HENNIG.



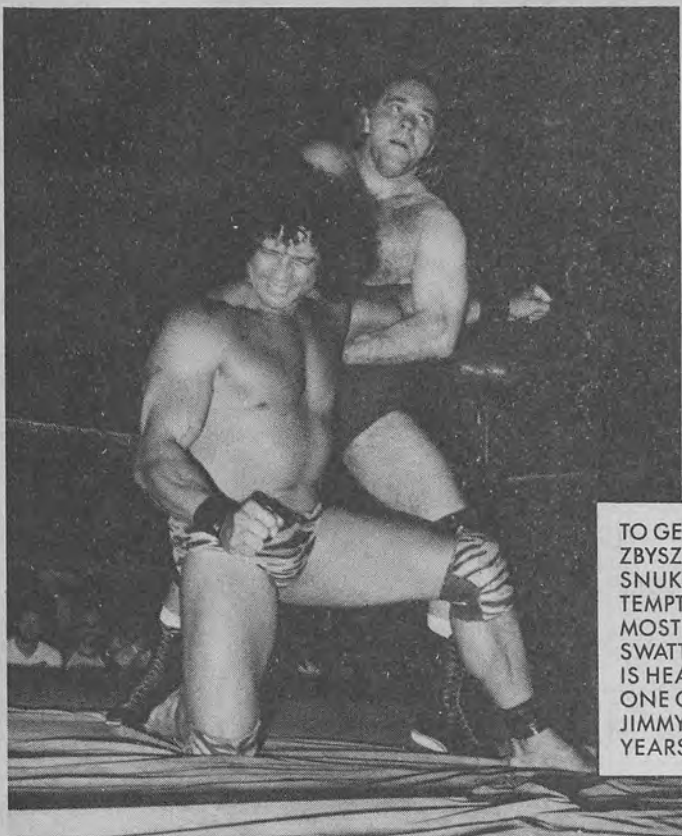
THIS REF CLEARLY HAS A JOB CUT OUT FOR HIM. PRESIDING OVER A MATCH WHERE LARRY IS AT WORK TAKES THE VIGILANCE OF A COYOTE AND PATIENCE OF A SAINT.

He said of his struggles with Martel, "How many times did they want me to pin the man? And pin him I did. At least a half dozen times. And always with the ref giving me his slow-count-routine. But whenever it happened that I was the wrestler down, it was a fast count."

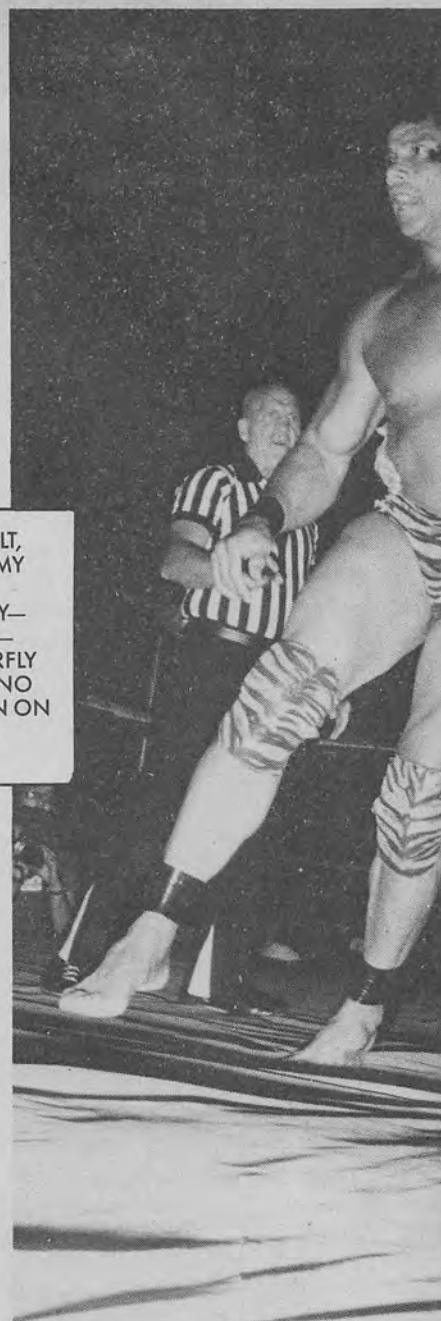
As the belt passed from Martel to Stan Hansen, Zbyszko waited for his opportunity. But he waited in vain. It just never happened. This was mainly because of his feud with Bockwinkel: AWA officials questioned his right to be considered a main contender for their top title when he could resort to such unsportsman-like deeds as downing a colleague and partner from behind.

Zbyszko disagrees. "For some reason—I guess he knows I am a better wrestler—Hansen kept ducking me. I demanded a meeting with AWA President Stanley Blackburn. But he gave me zero and less. I tell you, they're all in cahoots to keep Zbyszko from fulfilling his destiny."

Then came the night in Denver, when Stan Hansen simply walked away from an arena before a scheduled title tilt with Bockwinkel. Nick was declared the champion by forfeit. And The Loner went wild.



TO GET A GO AT BOCKWINKEL'S BELT, ZBYSZKO MUST FIRST GET PAST JIMMY SNUKA. AND AS ANY WHO'VE ATTEMPTED THIS FEAT WILL TELL LARRY—MOST FROM THEIR HOSPITAL BEDS—SWATTING THIS PARTICULAR SUPERFLY IS HEAVY-DUTY BUSINESS. . . AND NO ONE ON EARTH HAS PUT A FAIR PIN ON JIMMY IN AT LEAST A HALF DOZEN YEARS.





few people were around to know what was happening. Bockwinkel is more than aware of the fact that he has no more right to the belt than anyone else. Blackburn knows it, too."

Not to be out-fancied, Zbyszko devised a scheme. He recently again attacked Bockwinkel, this time with yet another Far Eastern zap-stick, leaving the AWA champ a bloody mess.

In defending his latest dire infraction, Larry Zbyszko points to the fact that, at least this one time, he's looking only to right a tremendous wrong: "If

attacking Bockwinkel will force the Association to finally give me my deserved shot at the title, then my actions are more than correct and justified.

"I know I am a far better wrestler than Bockwinkel. And if this is the only way I can get him into the ring and prove just who should be wearing the belt, that's the way it will have to be. They brought it on.

"All I know is that I am destined to be World Champion. And I won't be denied. Not this time." ■



ALONE AGAIN . . . STILL . . . ALWAYS.

"That was pure bull manure," he rages. "Bockwinkel was given the belt—MY BELT—only because he and all the others are involved in some sort of a scheme with Blackburn to keep me away from the title.

"The right thing would have been for them to hold a tournament. That way everyone would have gotten a fair chance, and there could be no idle conversation later on about if it was fair or not. And the man who'd actually proven himself superior to the rest—meaning me, of course—would have come out wearing the belt.

"But, no, they had to go and do it this way; in the dark of night, when

PRESENTING THE ALL-NEW

DON MURACO

STARRING IN WRESTLING'S VERY OWN SOAP

SEARCH FOR A NEW

Step right up, folks. And hold your breath no more. Here, at last, is **THE SOAP** for which we've all been waiting.

This is the true-life drama that asks: can a filthy-rich former beach bum from Hawaii really succeed in throwing it all away as he pursues his fantasy to make a major boob of himself before the footlights?

... Or will the rapture of the mat call him back to where he is, once again, a pathetic prisoner of all the power, fame and money that come with true magnificence?

As we look in now, our hero (for no reason anybody can think of) is dressed in a plaid skirt and appears to be at a mental crossroads.

Enter the ever-smiling, incredibly evil Mr. Fuji, who may or may not be Don's illegitimate father, and we, the gratefully captive audience, know we're about to be treated to the exquisitely sensitive and beautifully written rap that so often passes between the two.

"KNOCK KNOCK," says Mr. Fuji.

"Who's there?" Don dutifully replies.

"Olive!" gasps Mr. F. through a barely suppressed giggle.

"Olive who?" asks Don, now yuk-yuk-yukking it up himself.

"OLIVE ME; WHY NOT TAKE OLIVE ME?" croons the man from Japan.

And past experience has taught us that, from this moment on, Fuji will no longer find contentment as merely a manager of supermen and a superstar-wrestler in his own right but—with his slanty gaze fixed on such as Sinatra, Boss Springsteen and Mr. Rogers—he will evermore regard himself as a singing sensation on the rise. . .

W/ AIREER

BY KEVIN ZEH



What in the world has The Magnificent Don Muraco been doing to his career?

And where will it all end?

Do y'think he'll ever shake the stardust from his head sufficiently to reclaim his old position as a top wrestling talent and be happy with only that? . . . Or is he taking off for the bright lights of Broadway? . . . Or—Please! not this—will he fall to his behind a final time and find a permanent place beside Pee Wee Herman and Soupy Sales as a slapstick comic?

It's anyone's guess.

What's so hard to believe is that the whole thing started out so innocently, with The Magnificent One, accompanied as always by his sidekick-cum-manager Mr. Fuji, making a brief cameo appearance on a daytime soap called *Search For Tomorrow*.

But everything then went rapidly downhill. This was enough to reduce Don from a self-respecting, world-renowned wrestling wonder into the stage-struck space cadet so suddenly in our midst. His ring career, always

the center of his life, was relegated to a back burner while, more and more, Muraco chose the microphone over the mat.

It was during the W.W.F.'s TV tapings that we first beheld with amazement those now-famous, self-produced and utterly revolting sitcoms, all obviously written by an eight-year-old—a slow eight-year-old, at that—but with scripts at least equal to the quality of the acting.

Then, as if that weren't enough (and, boy, was it ever), Don Muraco began serving as host and chief good-guy-baiter during the shows' interview segments. Now Don Muraco has taken to the wearin' of the kilt. (But what's the tie-in? Is Hawaii near Scotland, or something?)

Oh, yeah, Muraco had gone and gotten himself bitten by the acting bug all right. He got it bad . . . and that ain't good.

But it wasn't always like this. In fact, far from it. Let me tell you about the Muraco I remember.

Don, who hails from Sunset Beach Hawaii, first became interested in

sports when, as a youngster, he'd take to the seas on his surfboard. Even now, when he gets a well-earned vacation, he heads home to again ride those giant waves.

Muraco measures in at 6' 2", 275 pounds.

When he originally took to the mat as a means of earning his livelihood, Don was an abider of the rules and, in fact, known for his supremely masterful execution of the most intricate scientific maneuvers.

While still a fan favorite, he wrestled mostly in northern California and there became embroiled in a humongous feud with the late Pak



Song. As a result of these rough contests, Muraco received a serious shoulder injury that required surgery, which left the long scar Don still carries.

When Jack Brisco held the N.W.A.'s top belt, Don was given several title matches but fell short of his goal. His good-guy-role turned while back in San Francisco and wrestling the likes of Pat Patterson and Ray Stevens. He then ventured to Florida where, under the guidance of manager Sonny King, he teamed with Joe LeDuc. At different times, they held both the Florida and U.S. tag belts.

But Muraco did not gain worldwide recognition until the care and nurturing of his career was taken over by the W.W.F.'s late Grand Wizard of Wrestling. It was The Wiz who added "Magnificent" to Muraco's name... in a great many ways.

TRUE MAGNIFICENCE MEETS ABSOLUTE GRANDEUR: HERE'S A RARE PHOTO, TAKEN IN 1980, OF DON MURACO WITH THE MAN WHO LAUNCHED HIM AND SO MANY OTHERS INTO SUPER-STARDOM—THE LATE AND GREAT GRAND WIZARD OF WRESTLING.

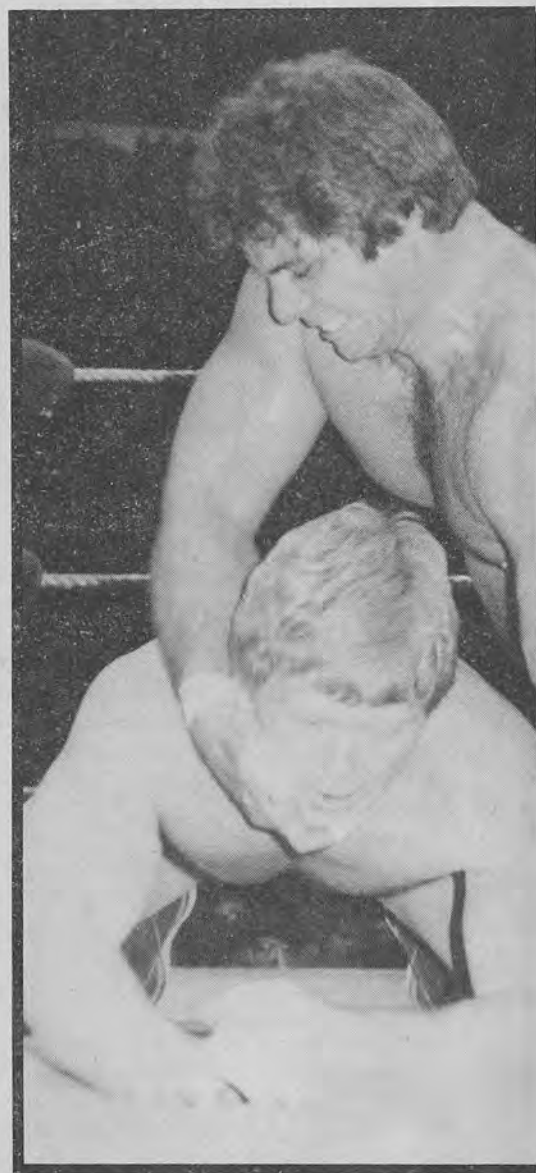
Back then, in 1980, The Grand Wizard proclaimed, "Muraco has the ability and raw, untapped talent to burst the world of wrestling wide open. He is magnificent beyond words, and I will make him a champion."

Muraco's sometimes tasteless ring tactics and overt arrogance brought about the no-holds-barred wrath of the fans. Soon, large signs bearing the epithet "BEACH BUM" sprouted up in arenas all around the country, and chants carrying the very same message—"BEACH BUM—BEACH BUM" would crash upon the ring like

a roaring avalanche. Then, when it became too much, the object of their loathing would mount the turnbuckle and scream back a few choice words of his own. Much to Muraco's dismay, this only served to bring joy to the jeering section, who'd then double-up their assault upon his ears.

Magnificent soon became the top contender for Bob Backlund's W.W.F. heavyweight crown. Their first encounter, which came down at New York's Madison Square Garden in 1980, ended in a draw at the one hour time limit. The rematch, also at the Garden, saw Backlund pin Muraco; but the referee failed to notice The Magnificent One's foot on the rope.

Protege and mentor were furious over the outcome.



"I was robbed, pure and simple,"

stormed Don, the arrogance drained from his demeanor. "The cameras showed my foot over the bottom rope. The W.W.F. should have ruled a no-contest. In fact, if you really want to know something, I truly believe the ref saw the whole thing but simply chose to ignore it. The W.W.F. protects Backlund like a favorite child."

Not one to dwell on spilled milk, The Grand Wizard turned his sights to the Federation's Intercontinental belt, then being worn by Pedro Morales.

It was during June of '81, in Philadelphia, that Don pulled off a

controversial upset to take the title. And everybody knew exactly how he'd achieved this goal: Muraco entered the ring with brass knuckles secreted in his trunks. Then, at just the right moment, he'd k.o.'d the Puerto Rican with a shot behind the ear.

Predictably, The Grand Wizard denied any wrongdoing: "Magnificent used bare fists to beat that pineapple-picker. Morales claims otherwise and wants the films shown. Those films have been doctored. Actually, Magnificent used his golden spike."

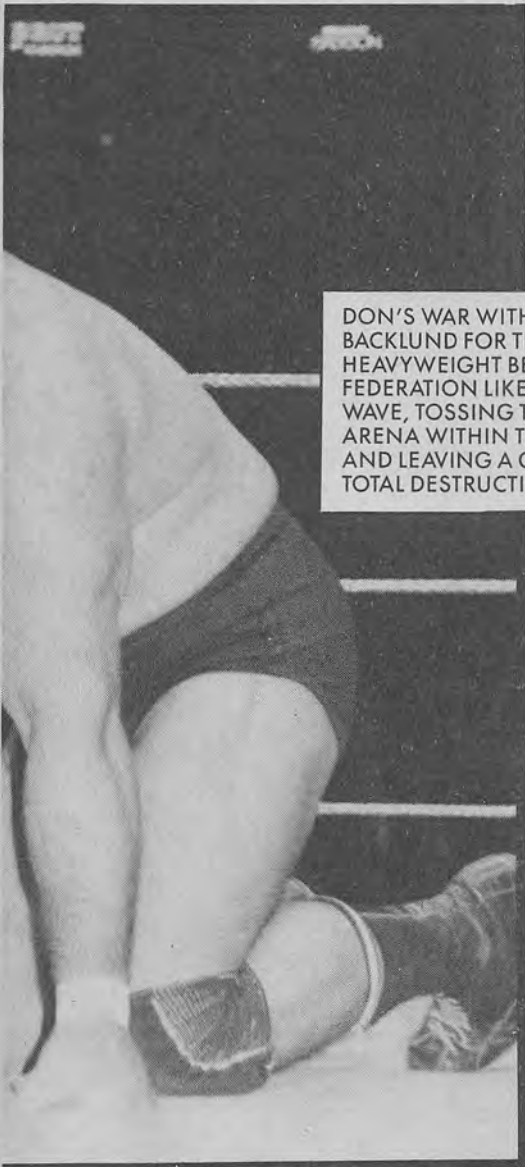
That golden spike just so happens to be as famous as any hold or maneuver in wrestling.

To achieve it, Muraco heavily tapes the thumb of his right hand. Then, when the occasion arises, that spike is driven into the throat of an opponent who, unable to breathe, is helpless and ready to submit or be pinned.

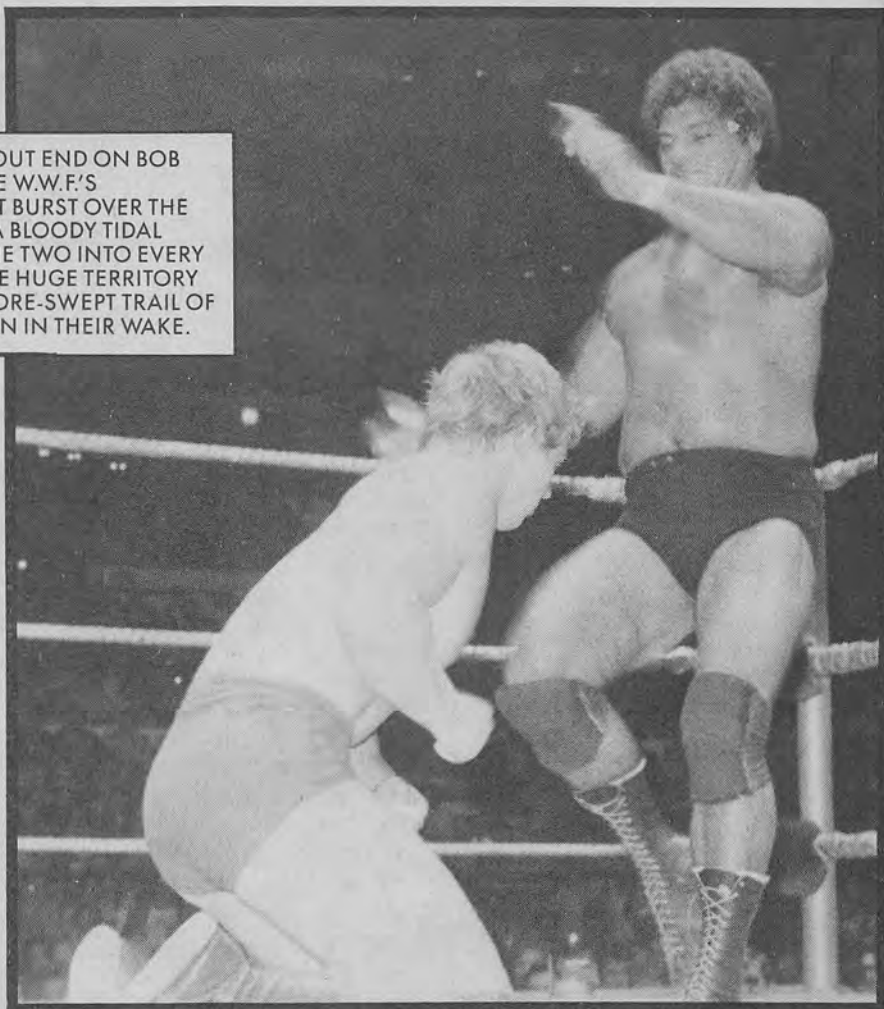
Six months later, Don lost the belt back to Morales, the crucial difference this time around being that Pedro knocked the brass knucks out of Muraco's grasp. Then, for good measure, the Puerto Rican sent him on a brass-backed trip to dreamland via a hefty shot to the jaw.

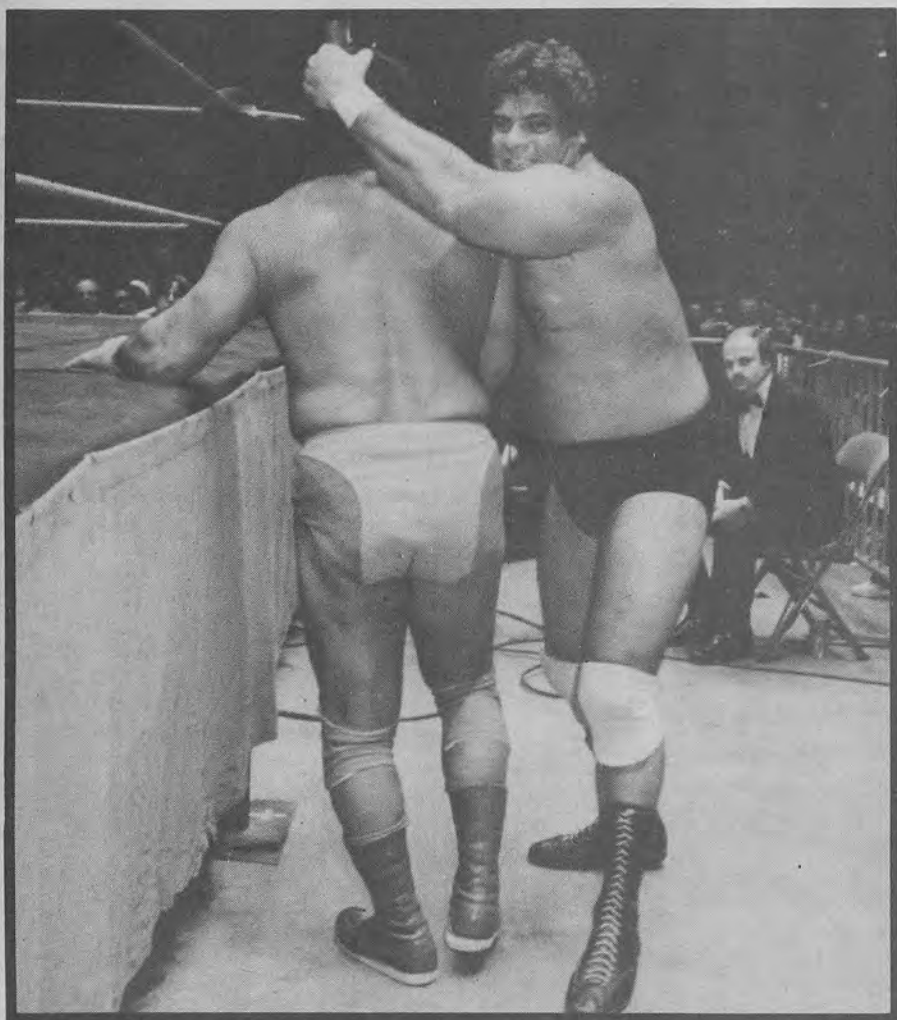
Then, in January '83, and again at the Garden, history repeated itself when Muraco regained the belt from Morales. But at this outing it was Captain Lou Albano, who'd purchased Don's contract from Wiz, doing the honors as manager.

Muraco's second title reign was a time of wild and very memorable matches against such as Superfly Jimmy Snuka, Rocky Johnson, Tony



DON'S WAR WITHOUT END ON BOB BACKLUND FOR THE W.W.F.'S HEAVYWEIGHT BELT BURST OVER THE FEDERATION LIKE A BLOODY TIDAL WAVE, TOSSING THE TWO INTO EVERY ARENA WITHIN THE HUGE TERRITORY AND LEAVING A GORE-SWEPT TRAIL OF TOTAL DESTRUCTION IN THEIR WAKE.





Atlas, and Tito Santana. The best were those involving Snuka, especially when the two met in the steel cage at Madison Square Garden and then a Fijian strap match in Philly.

But it was at The Boston Gardens, opposite Santana, that Muraco lost the I-C belt which, try as he might, he never succeeded in winning back. Don then decided that a tactical retreat was in order. He returned to his home in Hawaii, a safe haven where he could ponder his next move.

While in the place many call Paradise, Muraco was visited by the infamous matman and newly-ordained manager Mr. Fuji. The rest is history.

MAGNIFICENCE WAS FINALLY SERVED WHEN MURACO PUT DOWN PEDRO MORALES FOR THE PROMOTION'S HUGELY PRESTIGIOUS INTERCONTINENTAL TITLE.

Fuji drew up the papers, Muraco signed on the dotted line and, so united, they returned to the W.W.F. Only now, things were different. The Federation had had its head turned by Hollywood. Glitz and glamour oozed all over the joint. A circus atmosphere prevailed, while Hulk Hogan wore the belt and stood center-ring as head clown. And Muraco and his evil-bent manager seemed to get caught up in the whole thing. Their springboard into show biz was the now-defunct (thank heavens for small favors) Tuesday Night Titans—often called TNT—a sort of talk show, done on the order of Johnny Carson's late-night-rap.

But if it's said that all good things must end, mightn't the same rule also





hold true for the bad?

Maybe.

For, despite the kilt, which we'll overlook for now, Don seems to be getting back on the right track. He's dropped out of The Body Shop completely and has all but abandoned the impromptu acting bits. Instead, he's recently made the time to take his tail inside the ropes, where he's again exhibiting all the wrestling know-how that first made so many of us lifelong

THE CAPTAIN TAKES A BEACH BUM... AND BOTH PROSPER ENORMOUSLY FROM THIS INSPIRED UNION.

Muraco fans, and is even renewing his bids on Hogan's belt.

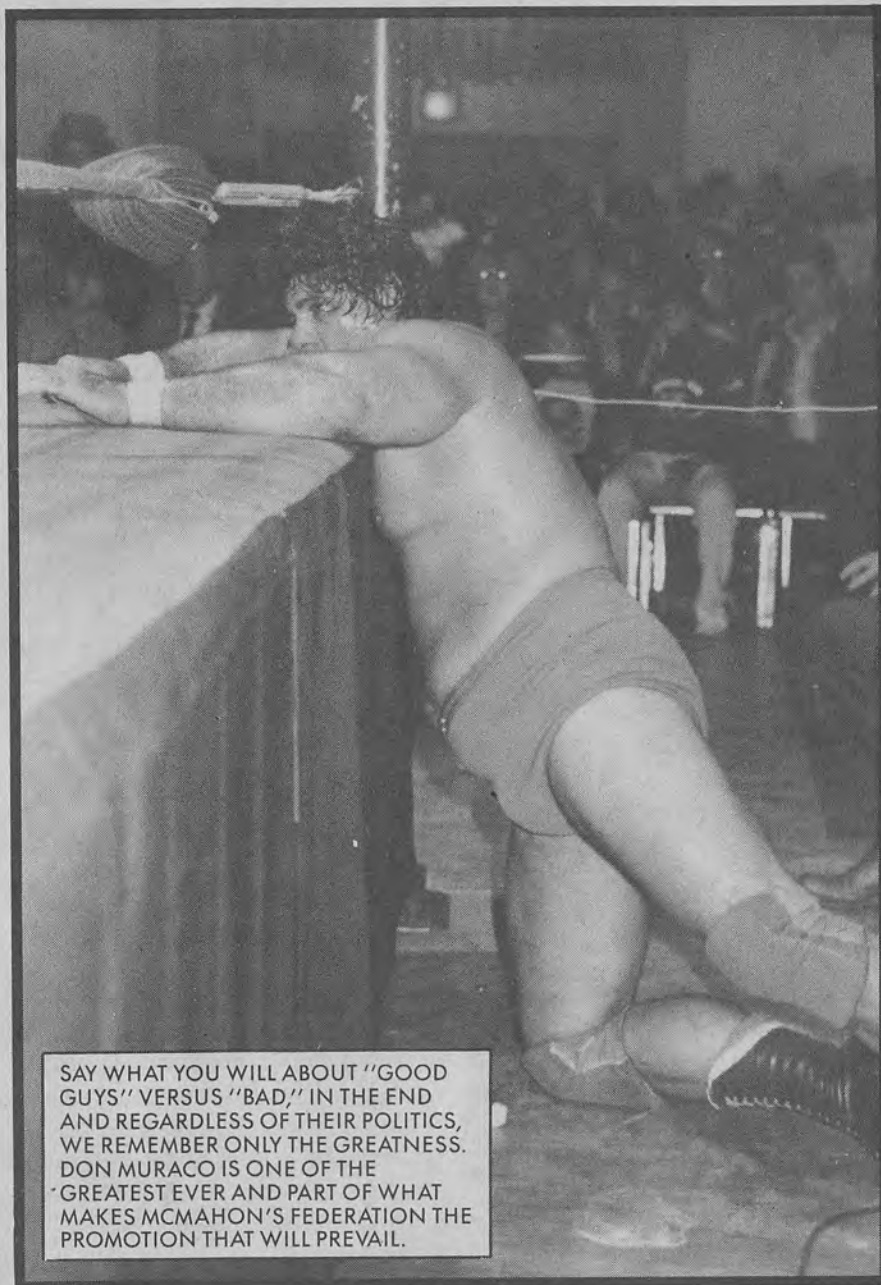
Muraco has many worlds to conquer in wrestling, and the ability to do it all. But none of it can happen unless he can forever banish from his heart what, for him, is the dark specter of show business.

His commitment of the sport must be total.

Or it's all over.

We can only hope that, heart and head, The Magnificent Don Muraco will soon be taking it all back to the ring—the only place talent like his could possibly belong. ■

HERE THE MAN READIES HIMSELF FOR BATTLE WITH THE LETHALLY TAPED DIGIT MAT MAVENS CAME TO CALL MURACO'S GOLDEN SPIKE.



SAY WHAT YOU WILL ABOUT "GOOD GUYS" VERSUS "BAD," IN THE END AND REGARDLESS OF THEIR POLITICS, WE REMEMBER ONLY THE GREATNESS. DON MURACO IS ONE OF THE GREATEST EVER AND PART OF WHAT MAKES MCMAHON'S FEDERATION THE PROMOTION THAT WILL PREVAIL.

GOLD BELT TAKES YOU TO A

BEST BOUT



**JIMMY
GARVIN**



**DON
KERNODLE**

**V
S**

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE M. CARRINO
RINGSIDE REPORT—GINGER SNAPS**

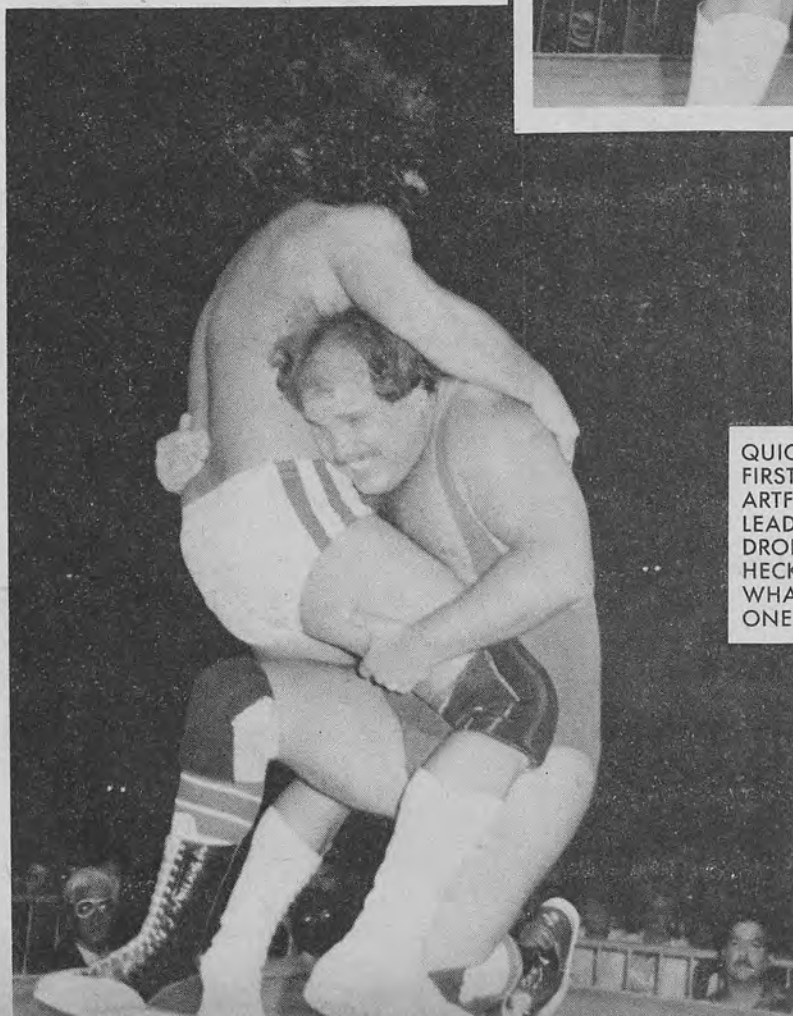
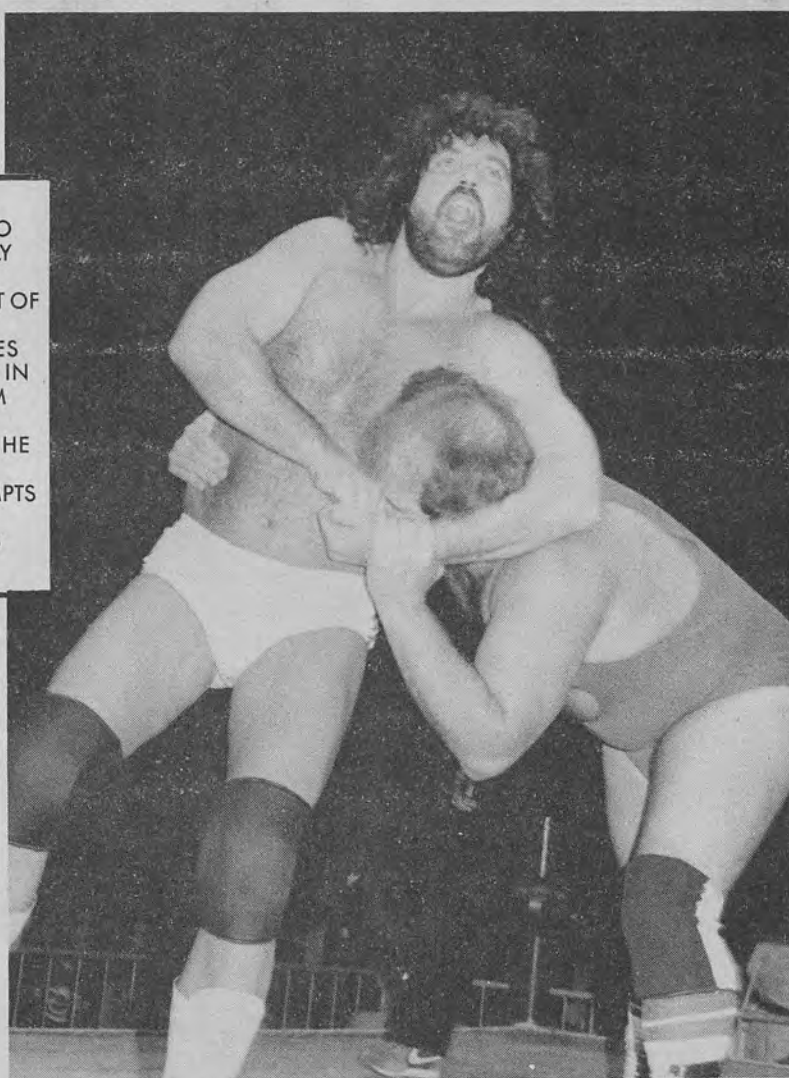
Here meet two of the most evenly matched yet intriguingly different opponents to ever slip on tights and take it to the squared circle.

There is no doubt that Kernodle and The Gorgeous One are both true-blue masters of the scientific maneuver. But,

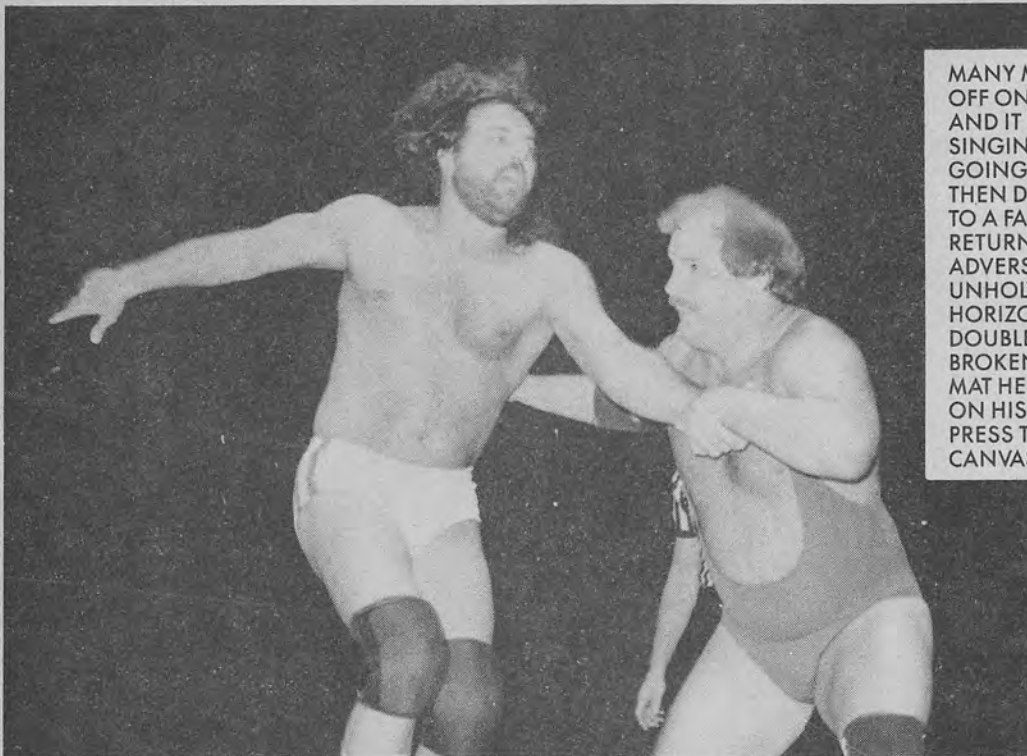
beyond just this single albeit eloquent point, all similarities die: where Don plays it by the book, and never mind the cost, Garvin goes after the pot of gold any way he can, and let the book be damned.

Jimmy Garvin is a "bad guy" whose superbly stylized, bat-out-of-hell brilliance marks him as one of the most formidable talents of all . . . even amid the awesome ranks of the NWA, where exceptional wrestling is far from the exception but in fact is the #1 rule.

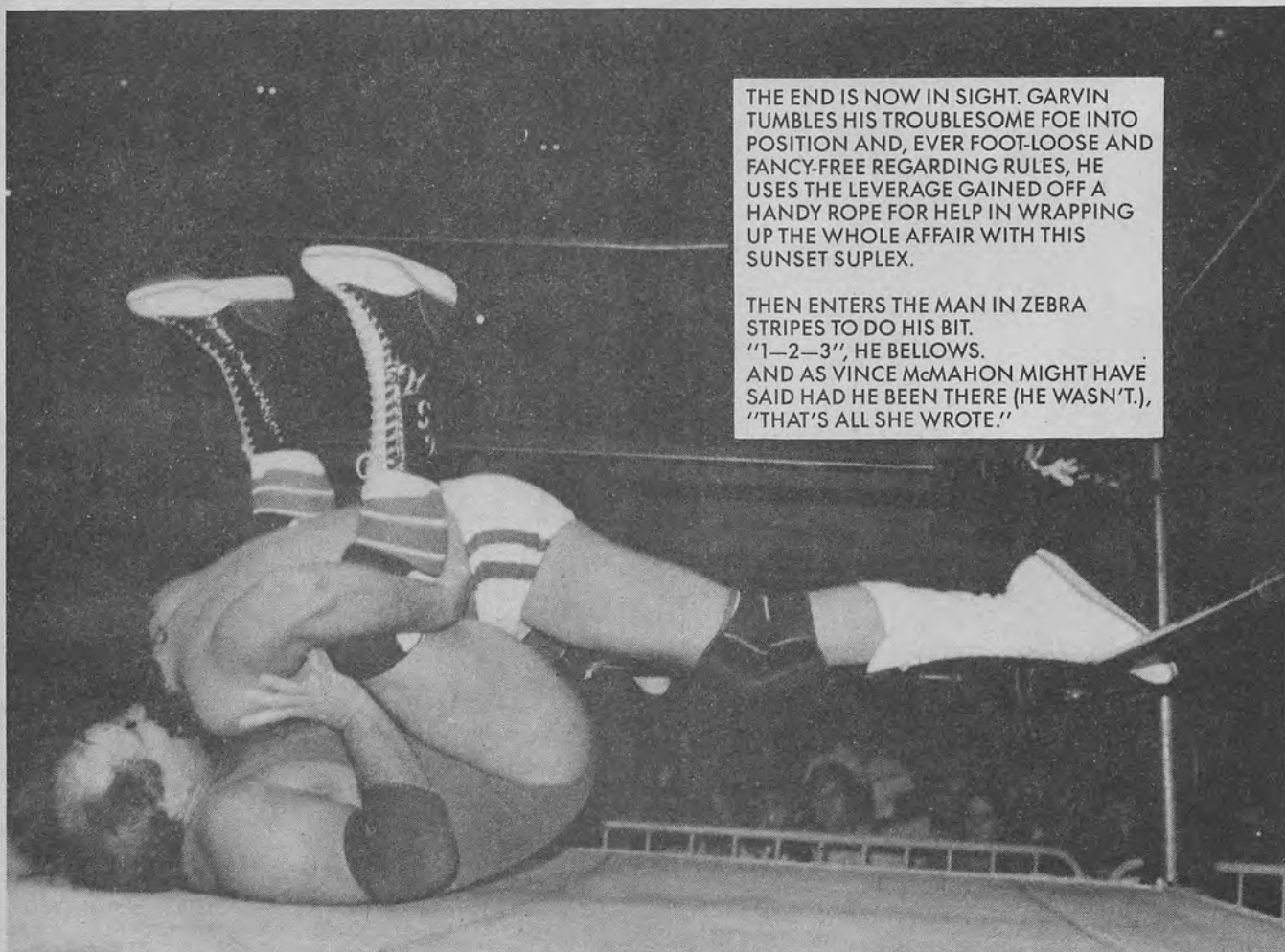
THE BELL SPLITS THE NIGHT, AND MAYHEM REIGNS SUPREME. THE TWO HIT THE CANVAS AND ARE INSTANTLY ALL OVER ONE ANOTHER LIKE SOMETHING SEEN IN THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR ON SATURDAY NIGHT. THEIR STANDARD HOOK-UP PROMPTLY GOES THE WAY OF A POWER PLAY AS EACH IN TURN JOCKEYS FOR THE PLACE FROM WHICH TO DOWN HIS OPPOSITE. GARVIN MOMENTARILY PREVAILS AS HE LASSOS A THICK ARM ABOUT THE CLEAN-CUT BOY'S HEAD AND ATTEMPTS A LAST ROUND-UP BY JAMMING KERNODLE'S NOGGIN AGAINST HIS ROCK-HARD RIB CAGE.



QUICK AS LIQUID LIGHTNING, DON FIRST STAGGERS JIMMY WITH AN ARTFUL JAB TO THE CAROTID AND THEN LEADS HIM INTO AN ATOMIC KNEE-DROP THAT MUST HAVE THROWN ONE HECK OF A MONKEY WRENCH INTO WHATEVER PLANS THE GORGEOUS ONE HAD FOR THE REST OF THAT NIGHT.



MANY MINUTES HAVE NOW CLICKED OFF ON THE TIMEKEEPER'S BIG CLOCK, AND IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THE DUET SINGING THE BLUES CENTER-RING ARE GOING TO CARRY IT TO THE LIMIT. BUT THEN DON SENDS JIMMY ON HIS WAY TO A FAR OFF CORNER. GARVIN RETURNS ALL TOO SOON TO SUIT HIS ADVERSARY AND COUNTERS WITH AN UNHOLY CROSS—A CLASIC HORIZONTAL BODY-BLOCK—THAT DOUBLES-UP KERNODLE LIKE AN OLD, BROKEN-DOWN ACCORDION. TO THE MAT HE GOES, WITH GORGEOUS HOT ON HIS TAIL—LITERALLY—IN A FLYING PRESS THAT SMEARS DON ACROSS THE CANVAS LIKE MELTED CREAM CHEESE.



THE END IS NOW IN SIGHT. GARVIN TUMBLES HIS TROUBLESOME FOE INTO POSITION AND, EVER FOOT-LOOSE AND FANCY-FREE REGARDING RULES, HE USES THE LEVERAGE GAINED OFF A HANDY ROPE FOR HELP IN WRAPPING UP THE WHOLE AFFAIR WITH THIS SUNSET SUPLEX.

THEN ENTERS THE MAN IN ZEBRA STRIPES TO DO HIS BIT. "1-2-3", HE BELLOWS. AND AS VINCE McMAHON MIGHT HAVE SAID HAD HE BEEN THERE (HE WASN'T.), "THAT'S ALL SHE WROTE."

THE HULKSTER



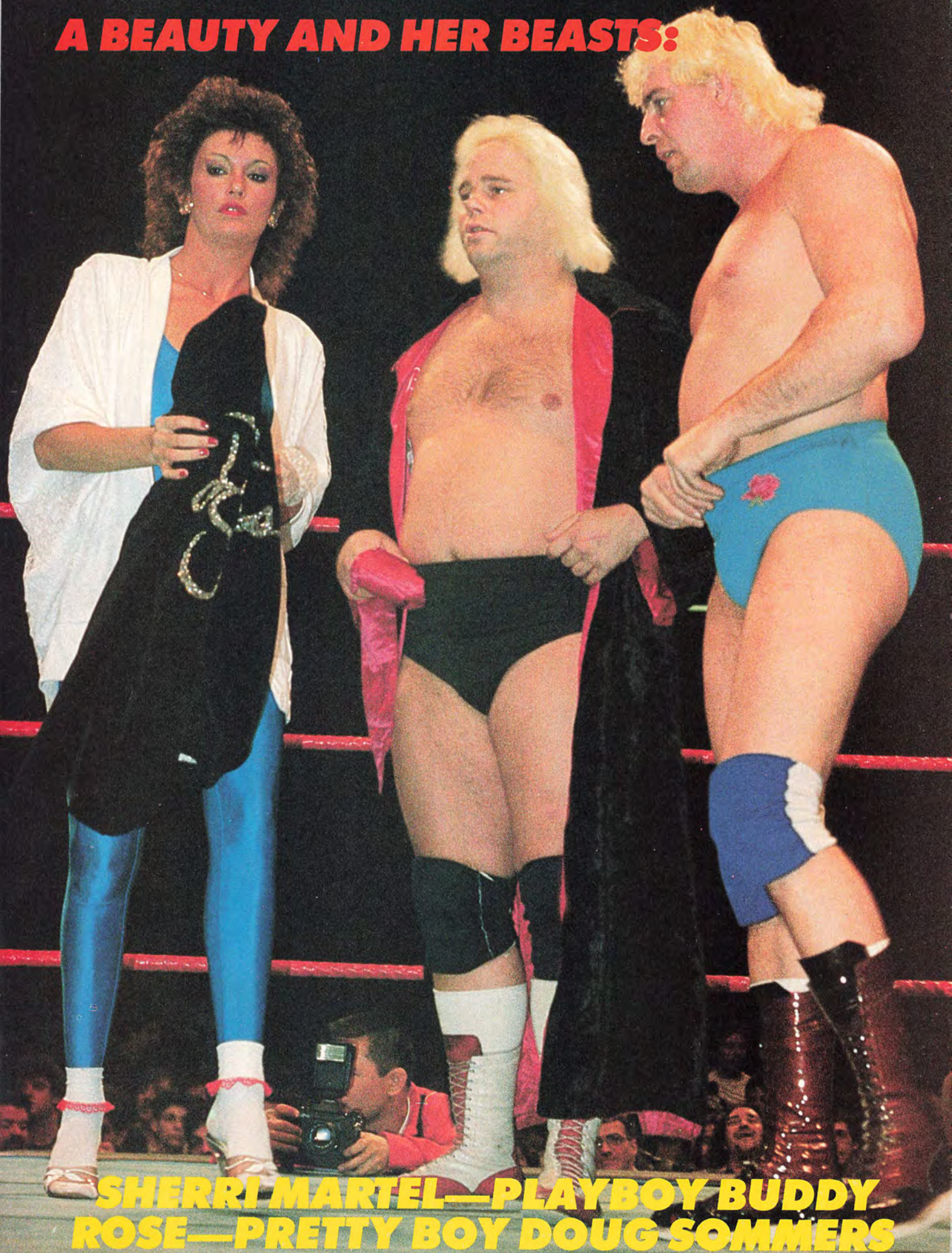


SUPERFLY JIMMY SNUKA

THE ROAD WARRIOR HAWK



A BEAUTY AND HER BEASTS:



**SHERRI MARTEL—PLAYBOY BUDDY
ROSE—PRETTY BOY DOUG SOMMERS**

THE MIDNIGHT ROCKERS



MARTY JANNETTY—SEAN MICHAELS



THE AMERICAN DREAM

KAMALA

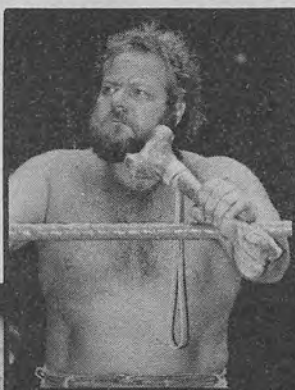


**IVAN KOLOFF—
KRUSHER KRUSCHEV—
NIKITA KOLOFF**

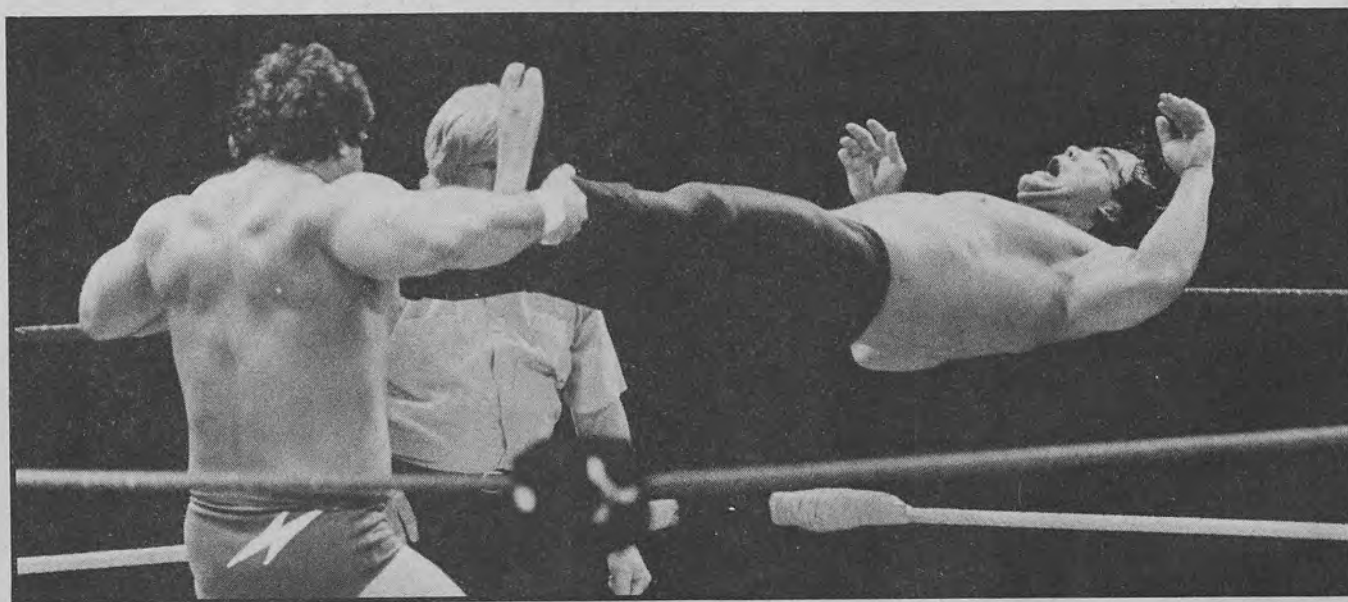


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PLAYBOY **BUDDY ROSE** *AN*

THE CHAMPIONSHIP REIGN THAT COULD

Tag champs? TRAINED CHIMPS is more like it!

That's what everybody said when Sherri Martel first brought around her twin Cabbage-Patch-look-alikes and openly declared her intent to launch this somewhat lackluster duo on a course that would land them smack-dab on top of the AWA.

Well, by gosh and by golly, and just as pretty Ms. Martel had predicted, the untempting twosome did end-up bringing the belts home to Mother.

"A fluke!" was the new tune the doomsayers' chorale then took to singing, "They'll drop the titles in a week."

That was months ago.

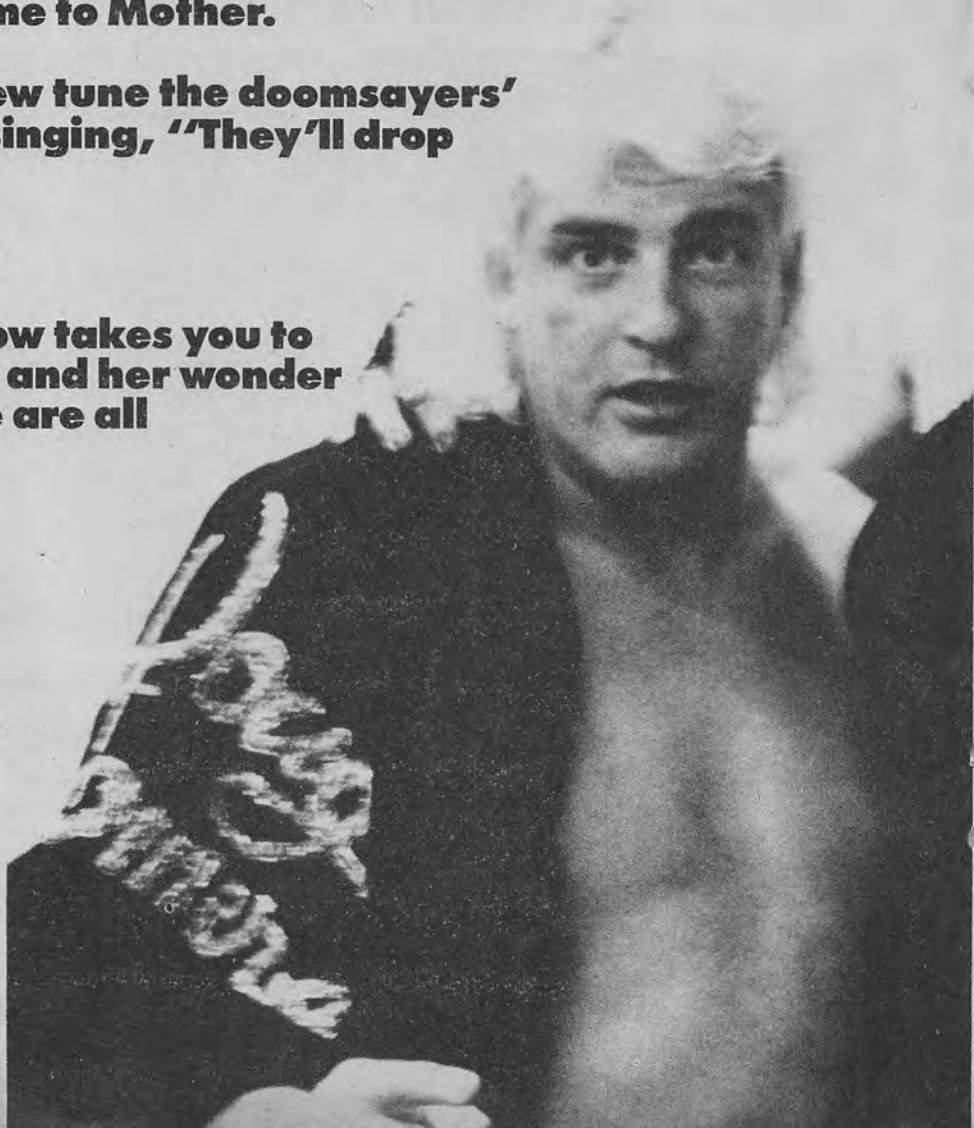
Gold Belt Wrestling now takes you to meet Sherri The Whip and her wonder team . . . the team we are all wondering about.

BY MR. FRANK AMATO

It was springtime, and May was the month. Flowers were beginning to bloom, lawns were turning green. The beaches were near-ready to open for the summer. All seemed quiet and serene. And it was all too easy for one to become lulled into a false sense of security . . . something which Scott Hall and Curt Hennig would soon discover.

Hall and Hennig were enjoying a hugely successful reign as AWA Tag Team Champions. And, having turned away loads of topnotch challengers, they seemed unbeatable.

Wild Bill and Scott "Hogg" Irwin of The Long Riders failed to conquer these champs. Likewise, Boris Zuhov



D PRETTY BOY
DOUG SOMMERS

NEVER HAPPEN

...WE THOUGHT



and Nord The Barbarian. Same for Zuhov and The Mongolian Stomper. Nick Bockwinkel and Larry Zbyszko also missed the mark. Even The Fabulous Freebirds couldn't clutch the victory. All in all, it added up to quite an impressive array of talent coming home empty.

No wonder wrestling fans laughed themselves silly when female wrestler-manager Sherri Martel brought into the AWA her fair-haired darlings,

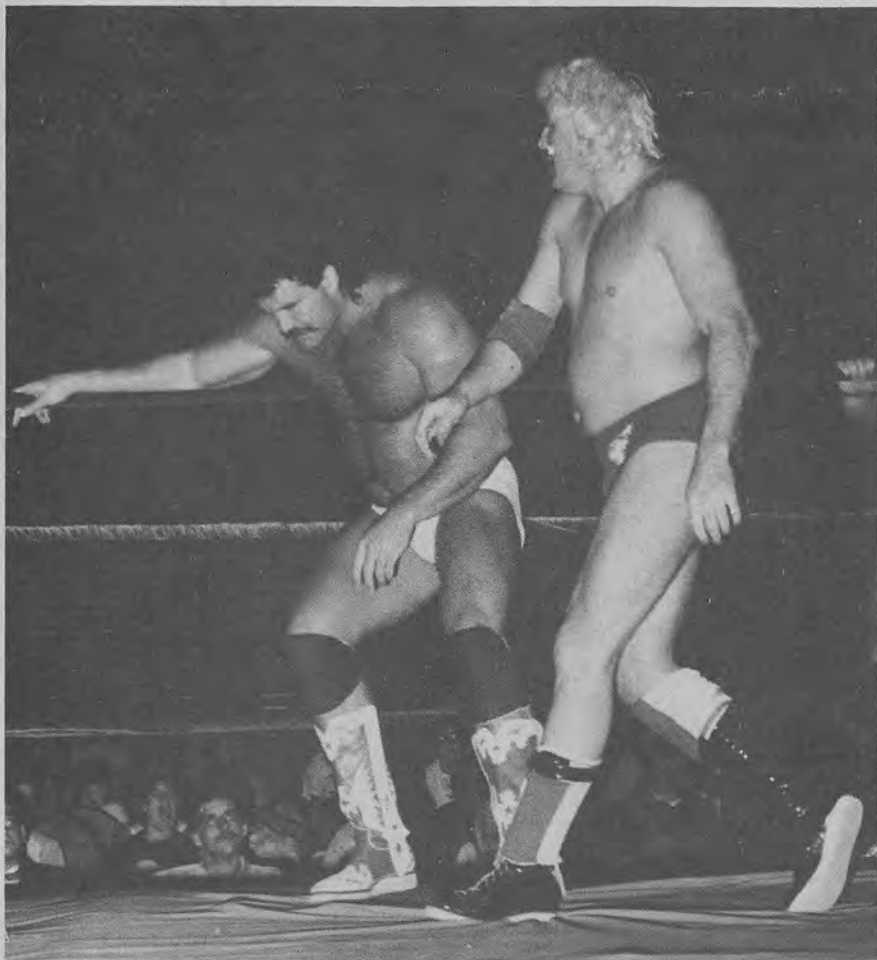
in at 245, showed right off the bat that they, indeed, were not losers in any sense, winning as they did each and every match their sleek manageress signed for them.

Coming back into the Association after a lengthy absence of some ten years, Rose displayed the stuff that made him a top-rated star from coast to coast.

Says Playboy, "I'd been searching for just the right tag partner to join me

ners, don't look any further than Buddy Rose. He can perform any hold or maneuver known to the great sport of wrestling. Plus, he has great agility that's gone unappreciated for far too long. And he's one keen tactician. By far, Buddy is the best partner I've ever had. When Sherri came up with the idea of our going it together, it was the best thing that ever happened to either of us."

But the big question was whether two well-known grapplers who'd never before worked together could take orders from a woman . . . even if that woman is not only a wrestler but former champion as well.



Playboy Buddy Rose and Pretty Boy Doug Sommers, and loudly proclaimed on national TV, "Just give my champions one chance at Hall and Hennig, and I promise you that those belts will be ours. Not only that, but I will also regain my own lost World Women's Championship from Candi DiVine. I know those dumb wrestling fans are thinking here's a loudmouth female with two losers. Well, I'll prove them wrong. I'll prove even the experts wrong. Just watch and see me gloat in the end."

The three then went about putting their long experience in the ring to use and finally pulled together a well-oiled tag team combo. The 271 pound Playboy and Pretty Boy, who weighs

PRETTY BOY DOUG SOMMERS
SLINGSHOTS HULKING SCOTT HALL TO
THE ROPES.

in my invasion of the AWA. For many years, I had teamed with Rip Oliver in the Pacific Northwest, but prior commitments kept him from re-uniting with me. Then Sherri got Pretty Boy and myself together to talk over the likelihood of our teaming-up. Of course Doug wasn't unknown to me, and I've always admired his ring generalship. After a few hours of working-out together, we knew it would fly."

Pretty Boy Doug Sommers is equally happy with this arrangement and has said, "When it comes to tag part-



The Playboy shook his head and smiled, "I have no problems with that and neither has Doug.

"Sherri Martel is not only beautiful and sexy, but she's a great wrestler."

"Her mind is like a steel trap on the subject of in-ring strategy. She also

THE BELL HASN'T YET RUNG, BUT PLAYBOY BUDDY ROSE IS ALREADY VOICING THE FIRST OF MANY COMPLAINTS TO COME.

has knife-sharp sense when it comes to getting us top money for our matches. And that's the bottom line."

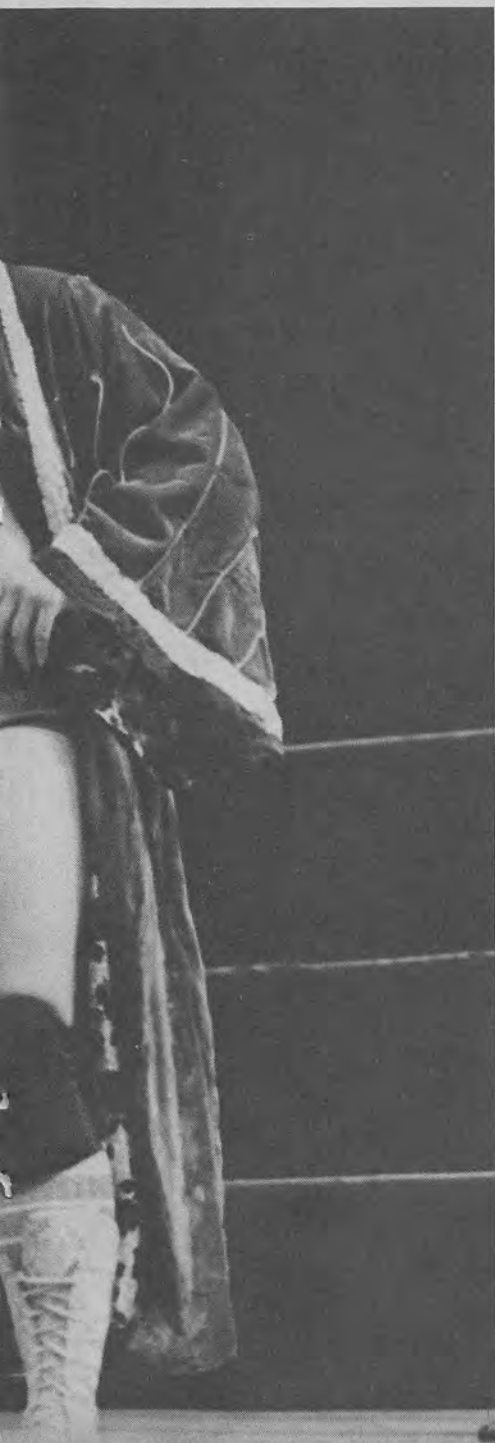
Doug Sommers nodded in agreement. "Sherri Martel can be my manager anytime. In fact, I wish she had managed me way before this. Sherri can pick up on chinks in our opponents' armor like a general. I'm more than pleased with Sherri. I'm proud she's our manageress and friend. She watches our backs in matches. She more than makes sure our adversaries don't cheat and that referees can't give us fast counts. She's always there with us all the way."

But did Sherri Martel feel that she

could really manage two male wrestlers? Could she make them listen to her every order? Would they let her oversee their training regimen... and do it all without back-talk?

Martel grinned, "Playboy and Pretty Boy are top-rated professionals who have held championships throughout their careers. They know success will abound with me at the helm. I have more going for me than looks, you know. Sometimes men don't give women credit for having

SHERRI MARTEL KEEPS AN EVER-WATCHFUL EYE ON HER CHAMPS.



brains. Not so with Buddy and Doug. They know all about me and my ring expertise.

"Together we are making history. We're forcing the world of wrestling to stand up and take notice that Sherri Martel and her men are here. There's no stopping us now."

Ms. Martel's men received their long awaited chance to meet Hall and Hennig for the belts. Despite the fact that Hall had a badly injured neck at the time of that meeting, the champs were still very much the big favorites.

Because the episode in which Scott received that injury was to have grave impact on his and Curt's title match with Rose and Sommers, let's take a look at how it came about.

A week before, Hall had become involved in an altercation with Colonel DeBeers. The Colonel, it seems, had just won a bout off Jake Mittleman. Not content with merely pinning his nearly unconscious opponent, DeBeers began stomping all over Mittleman's motionless body. Scott Hall tore from the dressing room and, as he bent over to help Jake from the ring, the Colonel let loose with his swagger stick on Scott's unprotected back. Then he really got down to business with a pile-driver that did quite a job on Hall's neck.

Now we go back to the night that saw the Association's tag champs, Hall and Hennig, put their belts on the line against Sherri Martel's brutal twosome. The match was in full swing, with the title-holders in total control. Scott had Playboy ready for the cleaners, when who should appear at ringside but the good-for-nothing Colonel DeBeers. Hall noticed this and let loose of Rose, the better to give his full attention to the Colonel. This proved a major no-no. Rose, a veteran who takes complete advantage of any situation, caught Scott from behind. Playboy then rammed his prey face-first into the ringpost, instantly drawing blood. Considering the magnitude of this attack, it was understandable that Scott Hall was unable to return to the ring before the ref counted to ten.

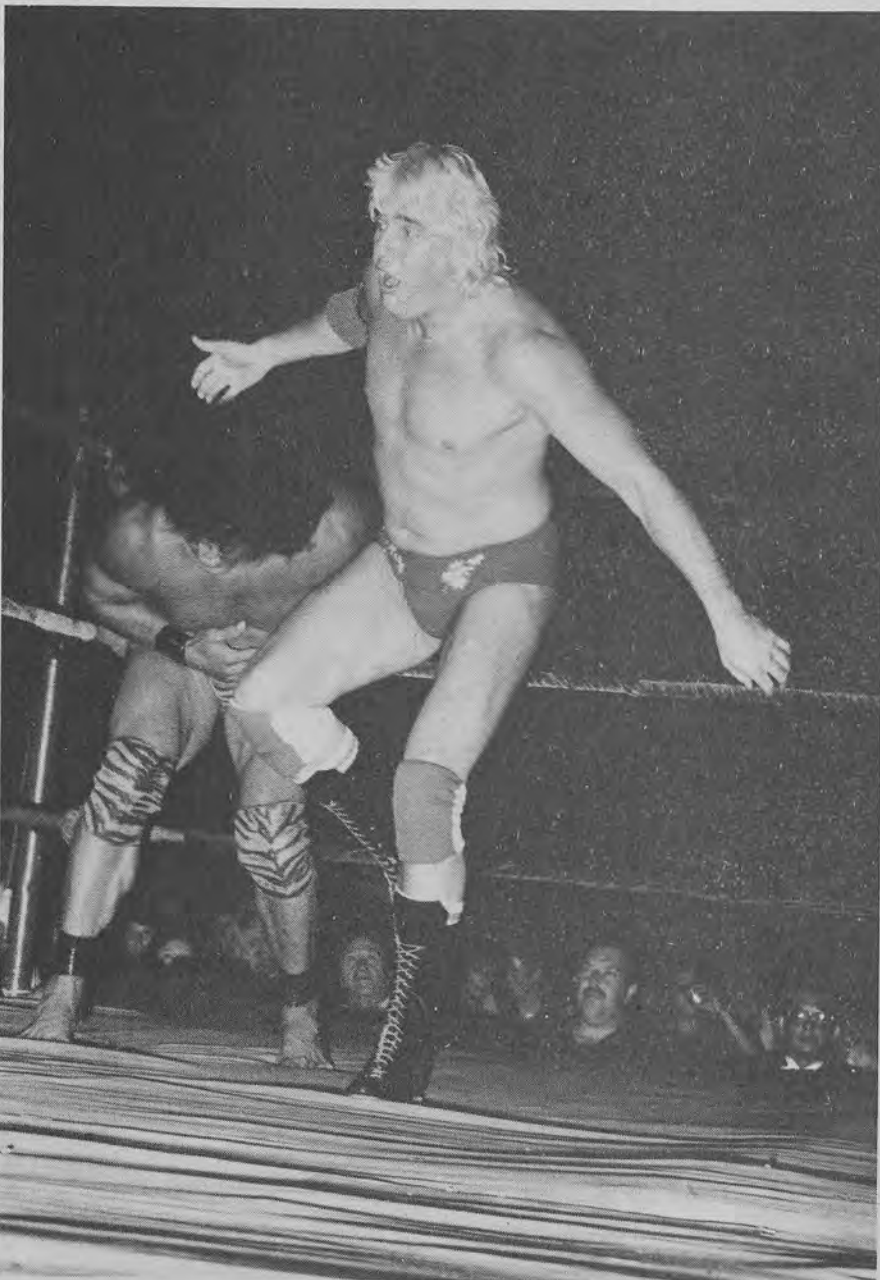
So it happened that Playboy Buddy Rose and Pretty Boy Doug Sommers were awarded the belts.

The three were jubilant and celebrating in their dressing rooms. Sherri Martel kept yelling, "I TOLD YOU SO. I TOLD YOU SO," over and over again.

"I'm the very first woman manager to lead a male team to a major championship. Now watch me get back my own belt. It will happen. It will all come true.

HERE BUDDY ROSE OFFERS A FEW WORDS OF WISDOM TO GBW'S OWN FRANK AMATO.

HERE PRETTY BOY DOES HIS BEST TO ICE THE CAKE AND GELD THE SUPERFLY WITH A SINGLE, INSIDIOUS SHOT WELL BELOW THE BELT.





**"Wake up, world:
The AWA is entering
a whole new era."**

The three fielded reporters' questions for awhile. Then someone at the back of the room brought up a touchy point with the very impolite suggestion that perhaps DeBeers' timely ringside appearance was part of a plot... a conspiracy rigged before the bout by the Colonel, Martel and both her men... to deep-six the former champions.

Martel, Rose and Sommers, each in his or her own way, hit the ceiling, wild at the thought that they should be accused of such crass behavior.

Snarled Playboy, "We won those belts without help from anyone—anyone except Sherri, I mean—that DeBeers showed up when he did has nothing to do with us. The Colonel is a free man. If he chooses to take a walk to the ring, it's his business. But make sure you get this straight: what he did was done without our permission or prior knowledge.

"Besides, what's the big deal anyway? Did DeBeers physically interfere with anything that was going on in the ring. No, sir! He did not.

"What happened is that dumb Scott Hall forgot the first rule of a real wrestler: never, never turn your back on an opponent."

"He made a bad mistake. And now he's paying the price."

The dream of every wrestler is to hold the championship gold. Therefore, Martel's menage gets challenges from all around the country.

But through it all, Rose and Sommers remain the men at the top.

Rose recently said, "We'll take on any ranked team who asks for a go, but they're all fighting losing battles. We stop them every time out. They may be up to giving us tough matches, but we have the experience. We have the power. We have Sherri Martel. In fact, we are better than any other team in the world. The proof of that is in looking at who's wearing the belt—O, yeah, we are the best." ■



ARROGANCE SPLAYS ITSELF ACROSS
PLAYBOY'S SMIRKING FACE.

CENTRAL HEAT

BY TRACY RINGOLSBY

U.W.F. NOTEBOOK: Chris Adams never lost a match after winning the World Class heavyweight title, but he did lose the belt. And in the end, World Class lost Adams to the Universal Wrestling Federation. While Adams' career was put on hold during the final months of 1986, he is now another on a growing list of new faces that is making Universal gloat in its emergence as the premiere promotion throughout the sport.

Adams defeated Ravishing Rick Rude (who has since gone to the N.W.A.) for the W.C.W.A. title on Labor Day, but two weeks later Black Bart was wearing the belt. Chris said he had to relinquish the championship because he was unable to make a title bout against Bart who, at the time, was the territory's chief contender.

Gentleman Chris, as you probably know, was also holder of World Class' American tag title, which he held with the late Gino Hernandez for most of 1985.

Adams, however, said that he looked at the number of stars flocking to the U.W.F.—including and most notably The Freebirds—and felt it was in his best interests to follow.

"The reason I left," he said, "was for better competition."

He hopes with all the talent at Universal that he'll get a chance to wrestle in tag competition as well as singles, and is considering teaming with Terry Taylor.

**The Von Erichs:
Dallas's most
dynamic dynasty!**

Plus

**Cowboy and his
Company:
Some say the most
awesome on earth!**

They're all here!

**Caught in the
crossfire as these
two titans of the
sport shoot it out
for survival, folks
down Texas-way
now boast that
they also have the
biggest and very
best wrestling in
all the United
States.**

"We're a lot alike," Adams says, "He's fast, aggressive and has a great repertoire of moves."

Chris has also taken a step towards expanding his following through the

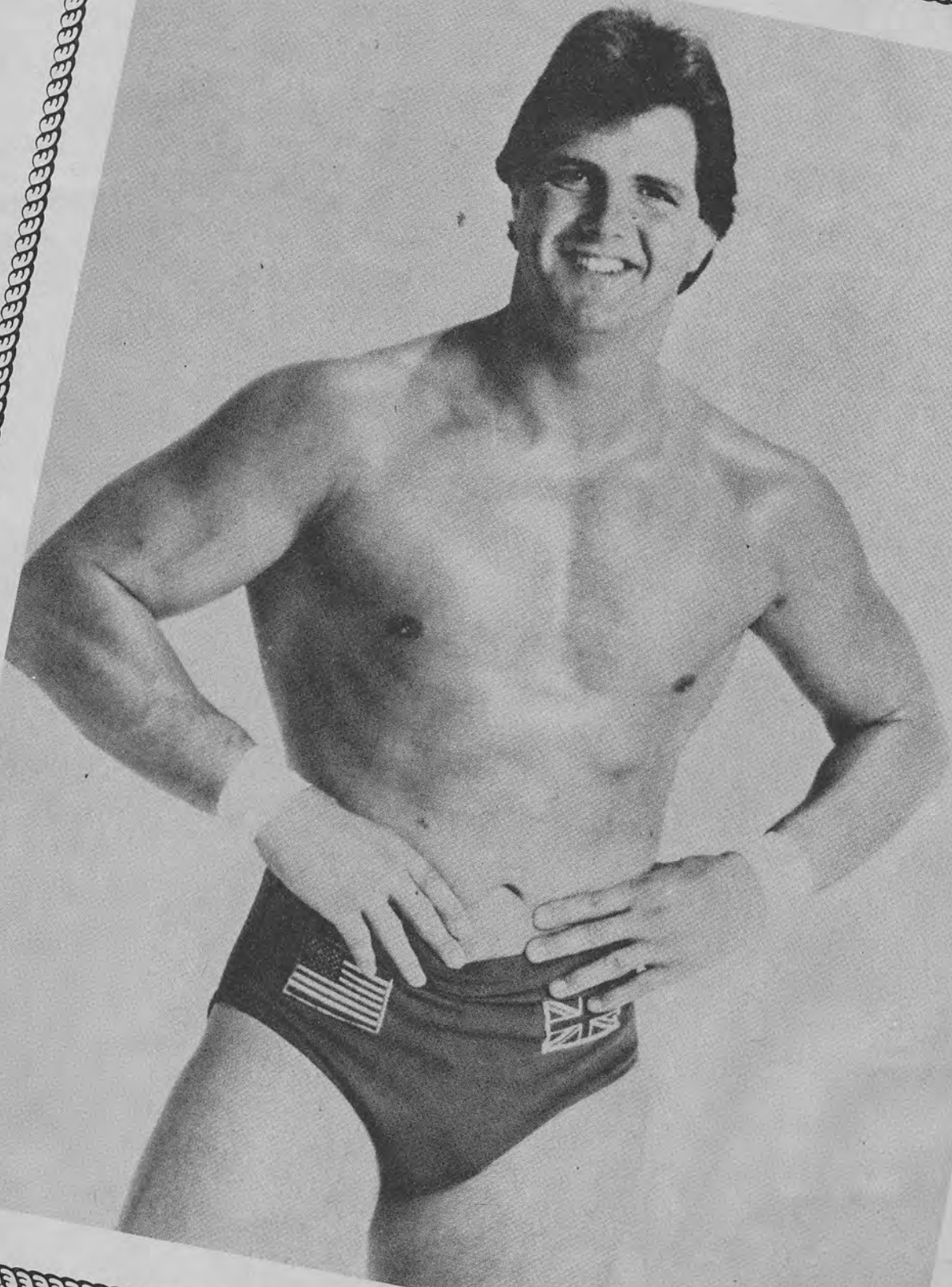
newly-founded Chris Adams' International Fan Club.

Meanwhile, no longer are Hollywood John and Missy Hyatt fans of each other. Their long relationship in and out of the ring has fallen apart, and Missy is now teaming with Eddie Gilbert in their Hyatt and Hot Guff International.

The final blow came when Tatum lost a "Valet-For-A-Day" match, meaning that Missy had to serve as Dark Journey's personal valet for a full day—and a very full day it was, too: Journey kept Hyatt constantly on the run with a month's accumulation of dirty laundry, a kitchen loaded to the ceiling with even dirtier dishes and floors which Missy says had never been washed before.

"All John ever did was make promises he couldn't keep," pouts Hyatt. "He lost to The Missing Link, and so I had to disgrace myself and do housework for that terrible Dark Journey all day long. If he really loved me, he wouldn't have let me be humiliated in this way."

"It's been coming for a long while, with John lately losing all the time. Meanwhile, my friend Eddie Gilbert had been trying to get me to turn Hollywood John loose and go with him. But I kept feeling sorry for John. But it all finally worked out okay because now I'm with Hot Stuff. And he really is the sweetest person in the world and the sweetest manager in the



Gentleman Chris Adams





Dark Journey and The Missing Link

world."

Tatum's explanation isn't nearly so simple as that offered by Missy.

"Missy was always after me to form Hyatt and Hot Stuff International with myself and Gilbert. But I know how Gilbert operates. He has more on his mind than business. He's been after Missy all along."

Tatum also claims that Missy got upset when she learned that he had been interviewing other ladies for the position of his valet.

A big night was had in the U.W.F. during November—all three Federation titles changed hands.

First of all, tag champs Tatum and Jack Victory lost to Wild Bill Irwin and Bad Leroy Brown. Then Savannah Jack took the TV title away from Freebird Buddy Roberts. And, too, Terry Gordy, his right arm injured during an earlier bout, was unable to go against One Man Gang and had to forfeit his heavyweight title to Gang.

Gordy's injuries, in fact, were sustained that very night when he balked at taking part in a six-man-tag match because he wanted to save his strength for the all-important title defense.

In response, Steve "Dr. Death" Williams jumped Terry, quite a fight broke out and Gordy sustained a hyper-extended elbow.

Williams is the U.W.F.'s rising star. A top football player at the University of Oklahoma, Dr. Death was honored at halftime this season during one of the school's games with Missouri.

Coach Barry Switzer said he isn't at all surprised at Williams' abilities in the ring.

"I never coached a football player tougher than Williams," stated Mr. Switzer.

Beware of this one: Ted DiBiase as a good guy. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. Sooner or later, he's bound to turn on somebody.

Williams, DiBiase, Taylor and Hacksaw Jim Duggan are in a major feud with The Fabulous Freebirds. It all began last fall in Houston when DiBiase beat Gordy while he (Gordy) was still the world champ. The Freebirds' attorneys convinced U.W.F. officials that the title match was void because DiBiase, a last-minute replacement for Williams, failed to sign an official contract to do battle in that bout. Plus, further bad blood was added to the brewing trouble by way of the vicious attacks perpetrated by The Freebirds on Taylor, DiBiase and Williams. And of course The One Man



General Skandor Akbar and The One Man Gang





Gang didn't help matters any when he came to The Birds' rescue with an especially violent attack on Jim Duggan.

The Freebirds apparently have wooed Sunshine into serving as their valet. She recently escorted Gordy and Hayes to the ring in Fort Worth, and remained at ringside during their tag-team strap match against Taylor and DiBiase.

DATELINE DALLAS: A decade ago, Pretty Boy Larry Sharpe made his mark on the World Class circuit by combining his well-honed amateur wrestling skills with the blatantly objectionable tactics he learned while under the tutelage of Mr. Fuji.

Now Sharpe is back, but no longer is he risking his physical well-being to

make a mark on the sport. He has returned as a manager, making it clear that he intends to challenge the Von Erich's hold on World Class.

"It is much more profitable using my brain than my body, and not nearly as painful," Sharpe said of his new role on the apron of the squared circle.

Sharpe still wrestles on occasion, but has been establishing himself outside the ring by running a wrestling school in his native New Jersey. The fact that the school is known as The Monster Factory only underlines the methods of Sharpe's madness.

For now, Sharpe is limiting his managerial skills to working with Crusher Yurkov.

One of Sharpe's first goals after returning to World Class was to conquer Zulu, and get him to give up his

"I'm going to concentrate on Crusher and winning the world title," Sharpe said. "We're going to make our mark and take it from there."

Sharpe's reliance on evil ways is a sad commentary on life. He once was a bright young star in the sport. He seemed well on his way to an outstanding career as a scientific wrestler, winning two small but prestigious college titles at Trenton State.

But when he turned pro, he fell in with bad company—serving as he did an apprenticeship under Mr. Fuji, a vicious master of the martial arts—and Larry has never been the same.

With World Class' withdrawal from the National Wrestling Alliance, the Von Erichs are re-establishing their domination of the southwest.

Lance, the cousin of Mike, Kerry and Kevin and son of Waldo Von Erich,

*Brian Adias, Lance and Kevin Von Erich:
back in the days when all were friends.*



alliance with the Von Erichs. After turning Crusher loose on Zulu, Sharpe finally got Zulu to see the light. Zulu, who now sports a shaven head, must be a good student and fast learner because he's already treating adversaries to a full array of low blows and cheap shots, all definitely taught him by Mr. Sharpe.

Sharpe, however, seemed to tire of Zulu quickly. Once the conquering was done, Zulu disappeared from the scene, leaving Larry free to return his full attention to Crusher and his career.

teamed with the Dingo Warrior to defeat Buzz Sawyer and Matt Bourne for the World Class tag title.

Kevin Von Erich stands as the promotion's main champ, after taking the belt away from Black Bart, whose credentials to the championship were questioned after his mysterious taking of the title from Gentleman Chris Adams.

"It's been my dream ever since I was a little kid," Kevin said of the title. "My brother Kerry won it a few years

ago, and I've been working hard towards the same thing. My brother Dave was killed in Japan by a blow to the stomach. He never got the big shot at the belt, and I sort of dedicated myself toward achieving this for him as well as myself."

Shortly after winning the title, Kevin went to the Orient for the initial defenses of the belt. "I don't want to be a closet champion," he said. "I feel it's my responsibility to defend it as often as I can."

Mike, Lance and Kevin have teamed up for the six-man tag title.

World Class is becoming a real family affair. Not only are there the Von Erichs, but now the Youngbloods are joining together to show there is strength in the family genes.

Mark Youngblood has been a regular on the World Class circuit, and his nineteen year old brother Chris recently decided to team up with big brother.

Chris has been wrestling professionally over the last four years in Mexico. There he could pick up big paydays, while still being considered only an amateur in the States.

"That's why I went to Mexico: to start my career," says Chris, "they don't keep very good records and nothing that happens down there ever gets reported, but they have some great wrestlers to learn from."

And there may soon be some old blood mingling with the Youngbloods. Chief Angel, an uncle, is reportedly considering teaming up with Mark and Chris in six-man tag competitions.

Texas All-Star Wrestling, which worked primarily in the southern part of the state, has been absorbed by World Class.

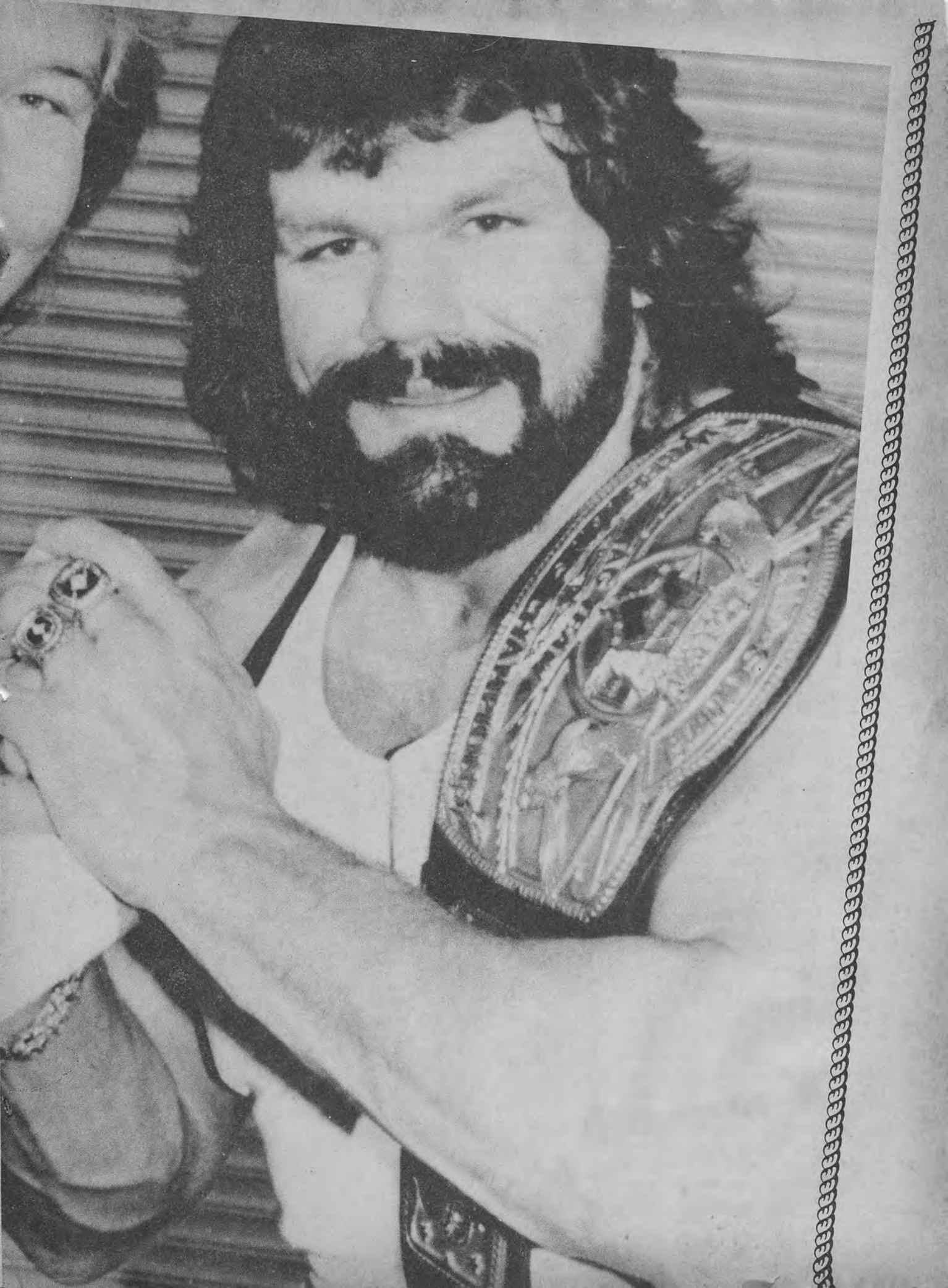
All-Star's reputation was ruined two years back by a series of no-shows from top-name talent, and despite the efforts by new promoters to set the circuit back on the track of respectability, the damage had already been done and couldn't be repaired.

Among the top names from Texas All-Star who are making regular appearances at the World Class shows are Al Madril, Mark Youngblood, Scott Casey and Killer Tim Brooks. World Class is now also a regular at Gilley's in Pasadena, in of course the great state of Texas.

Percy Pringle continues in his attempts to build up his stable. As well as managing Matt Bourne, Percy is now running the show for Master Gee.

**Ted DiBiase
and Steve
"Dr. Death"
Williams**





World Class, which has found its ranks raided by the development of the Universal Wrestling Federation, has gotten some quick fixes with short stays from the likes of Maniac Mark Lewan (who is now with World Pacific Wrestling—that's the Hawaiian-based group founded by the late Peter Maivia) and Ricky "The Dragon" Steamboat. Ricky came in for a single-shot deal at the Cotton Bowl, where he wrestled Black Bart. W.C.W.A. has also just added Tony "Mr. USA" Atlas to its roster of performers.

Brian Adias, a childhood friend of Mike Von Erich, seems to have reached a point of no return in his disappointment over having to live in the Von Erich's shadow.

In early November, after a match, Mike went to shake Adias' hand and Brian kicked his longtime pal in the stomach, touching-off what was bound to become a major feud, even if nothing else happened. But a couple of weeks later, Adias and Madril were being interviewed before matches when Kerry Von Erich, who was on crutches, began to question Adias about his actions in the ring as well as his refusal to return the many phone calls that the Von Erichs had made to his home. Kerry, who was at ringside to do the color commentary on Mike's bout, found himself in a shoving match involving Adias and Madril. Madril suddenly then grabbed Kerry's crutch and kicked Kerry's feet out from under him. After using the crutch to batter Von Erich's injured right ankle, Madril finally left the scene. But the battle lines were drawn.

"Adias is not a friend of the family now," said Mike, "and I'm going to take care of him myself."

Kerry, by the way and despite this set-back, is making a strong recovery from the compound fracture suffered in a motorcycle accident, and the word is that he could return to the squared circle any day now.

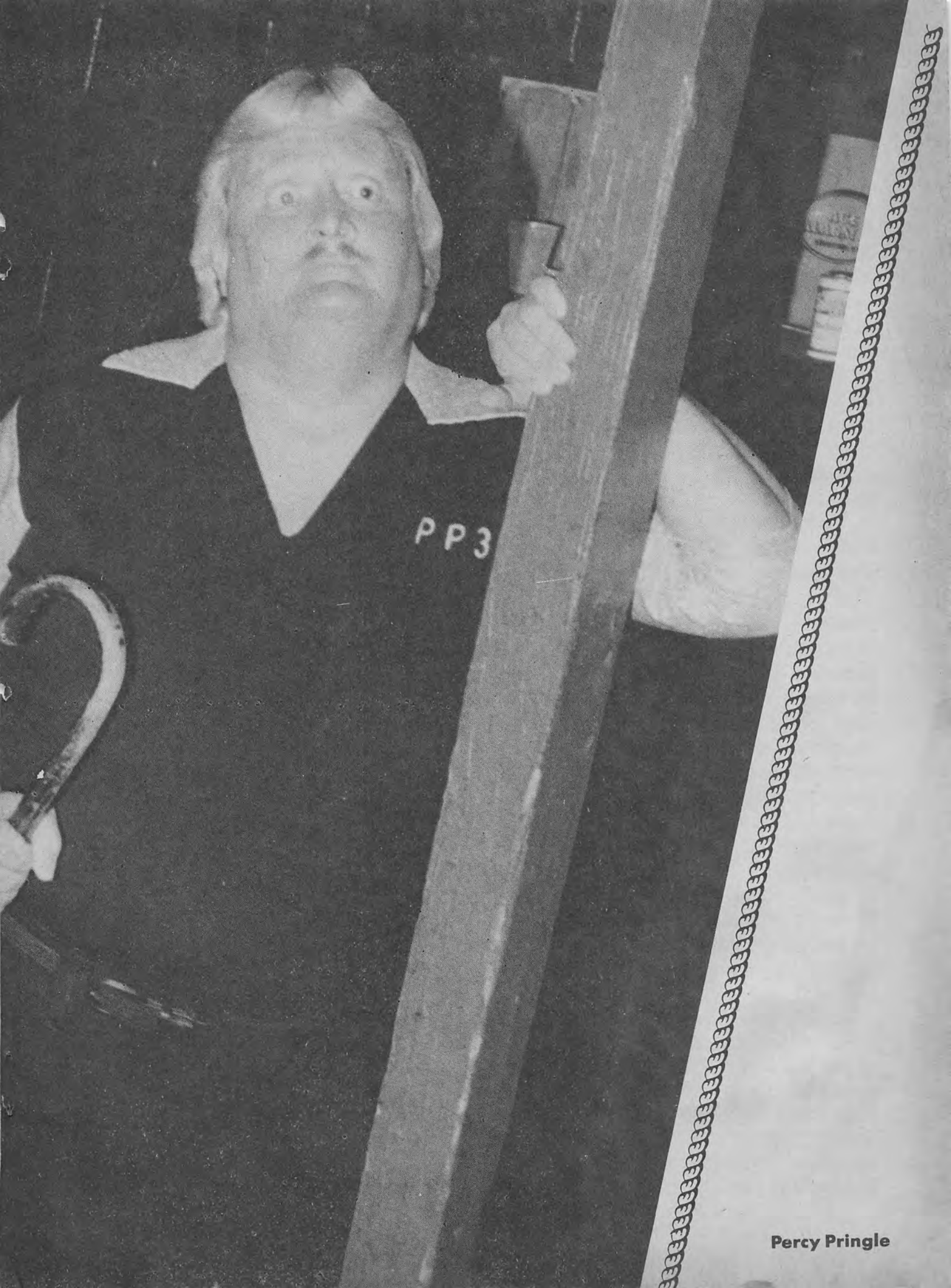
During the Texas State Fair, the foundation was laid for a renewed rivalry between Fritz Von Erich, the clan's patriarch, and Abdullah The Butcher, who is managed by Fritz's arch-nemesis Gary Hart. When the senior Von Erich was forced to act as referee for a cage match between Bruiser Brody and Abdullah because nobody else wanted the job, Fritz discovered that The Butcher was using a fork to attack Bruiser. Mr. Von Erich not only took the fork but then used it

himself against Abdullah, thereby setting the stage for Brody to make the pin.

Afterward, Fritz and Hart got into an extremely heated debate that turned bloody when Von Erich was set upon by the deadly duo. The end result was Fritz Von Erich's decision to come out of retirement for a special grudge match against The Butcher.

So it goes in the Central States; and I sincerely wish that fans all around the country could have their wrestling even nearly as good. ■





Percy Pringle

Florida! A golden wonderland bathed to pure perfection by warmest aqua seas and an endless sun that burns brightly beyond all self-doubts, straight down to where anything and everything is possible.

In this place, even the wrestling dazzles—with Gordon Solie on the scene, it can do no less.

Yet, amidst all this rampaging splendor, as if still defying, there recently stood a house fallen to decay. Behind its broken windows, the ghosts of a departed dynasty and dreams long dead peered out and sighed . . . waiting . . . always waiting.

But, finally, the family patriarch returned, ready to set his house to order.

And, Florida, you'd best brace yourself for the biggest blow you've ever weathered! SIR OLIVER HUMPERDINK IS BACK IN TOWN!





HERE STANDS THE HOUSE HUMPERDINK BUILT

BY HOWARD T. BRODY

Among the rank and file of today's wrestling managers, there exists only a handful of men who cannot only support their boasts with proven track record, but who can also exemplify their successes through their longevity in the sport.

One of this rare breed is Sir Oliver Humperdink: mastermind extraordinaire, and the very cornerstone upon which the infamous "House of Humperdink" was built.

Few fans realize that this impish knight actually began his pro mat career as a wrestler. One look at his rotund, slightly out-of-shape body, and you would never have guessed it. But it's true.

It wasn't long, however, before the carrot-topped grappler realized he just couldn't compete on a championship level. So, he searched for another vehicle that would enable him to make his mark in the sport he loved. And he found it. Humperdink took all of the knowledge accumulated during previous business experiences and, for the first time, applied it to wrestling. By forging ahead with the same determination and desire that enabled him to step into the ring as a wrestler, Humperdink converted his energies toward managing, and quickly turned it into a formula that made him the very soul of success.

There is no denying the fact that wherever Sir Oliver establishes the House of Humperdink, all around soon recognize that here is a force that won't be ignored. Currently in Florida and a resident of Tampa, through the years Humperdink has guided and nurtured a list of individuals that can best be described as a virtual who's who of wrestling: Abdullah The Butcher, The ("original") Assassins, Ox Baker, Superstar Billy Graham, Hercules Hernandez, Ivan Koloff, Lord Humongous, The Magnificent Don Muraco, Kendo Nagasaki, The White Ninja, One Man Gang, Mr. Pogo, Hans Schroeder, and Steve Strong are just a few of the men in whom Humperdink has instilled his ideologies.

Yet, of all the men who have resided in this House of highly questionable repute, Sir Oliver may be best known for tutoring one of wrestling's most infamous teams of all time—the first Hollywood Blonds. To this day, their autographed picture adorns the wall of Montreal's world-renowned Ben's Delicatessen where, Humperdink claims, "They've got great smoked meats."

Comprised of Jerry Brown and Buddy Roberts (who, of course, is now a member of The Fabulous Freebirds), The Blonds wreaked havoc through-

out North America, and did a pretty good job on the rest of the globe as well. And with this association came some of the nastiest feuds of His Lordship's entire career. In California, for example, he and The Blonds were so hated that, one night in San Diego, fans managed to rip apart a steel cage in the hopes of getting at this unholy trinity. It was also during this troubled time that he received permanent eye damage at the hands of the NWA's then-National Champ, Louis Tillet.

When he and The Hollywood Blonds finally went their separate ways in 1977, Humperdink found himself in the first of what was to become one of his many stints in the Sunshine State.

Now, ten years later and celebrating his twentieth anniversary in professional wrestling, Sir Oliver and his House of Humperdink are back in Florida, and going for it all at full force.

Upon re-establishing his fortress, Humperdink wasted no time in building his stable with championship-bound material.

At press time, members of his elite inner circle include Big Kareem Muhammed—a few years ago, he and Leroy Brown (now a tag champ over at World Class) formed the Zambuie Express—and Ed "The Bull" Gantner—he's a past-member of the United States Football League's Jacksonville Bulls—as well as real-life bounty hunter, Hacksaw Higgins. Wrestling newcomer and another former USFL star, Dewey Forte of the Tampa Bay Bandits, was also part of Humperdink's band of merry men but, as in the past, Sir Oliver and this protégé of his didn't see things eye-to-eye.

"It was a ridiculous thought in the first place," Humperdink said. "It's not even a personality problem. At first I thought we could work out our problems. But as soon as he laid hands on me, that was it. He just didn't have it in him to be a member of my House."

Although that particular situation will unravel in the months to come, Humperdink has other thoughts on his sharpened mind.

"Our goals here are simple," he said. "We're going to create as many problems as we can for the people who get in our way."

In fact, Humperdink has become so enraptured with trying to secure the





NWA Southern Championship for one of his men that he has put a \$25,000 bounty on the present champ Lex Luger. In addition, because of his alliance with Luger, a \$25,000 price tag has been put on Kendall Windham's head as well.

Stating that any of his men could oust Luger as champion, Humperdink narrowed down the probability of accomplishing such a feat to either Kareem Muhammed or Hacksaw Higgins.

"Don't get me wrong," he stoutly asserts, "I'd be delighted if Bull won. But I think the more experienced wrestlers like Kareem or Hacksaw have a better chance at holding onto the title once they've won it."

Humperdink was quick to offer assurances: "Hey, I'm not out to rule the world, mind you. I'm simply looking to be successful at whatever area I'm in, and be the best at whatever I happen to be doing . . . the very best."

"Lugar's belt will be gotten. It's just a matter of time."

As it now stands, Kareem Muhammed wore, if only for a while, the Florida Heavyweight belt around his 367 pound frame.

But Sir Oliver clearly craves more.

He's said he wouldn't turn down any chance his Shock Troops might get at challenging New Zealand Shepherders Butch Miller and Luke Williams, who are the current U.S. tag champs.

He also confesses that one day he wouldn't mind managing a world champion.

"It would pose interesting problems," he states. "I think it would be a challenge—even for me."

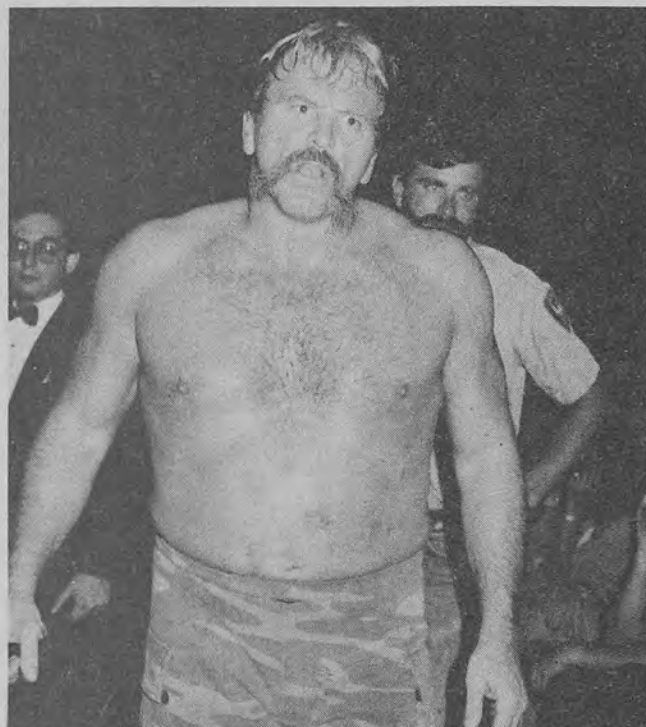
For all his irreverence, Humperdink is nothing short of a thinking man's manager, forever plotting and scheming, as he does so well, his way through any and all of life's situations.

Even when he's away from the ring, which in itself is rare, he devotes his entire energies to concentration. Whether it be on the golf course, fishing for Florida bass, reading a Michener novel, or dabbling in gourmet cooking, Humperdink is as methodical and calculating as they come. In essence, you might even say that he's the ingredient that gives the drink—and the sport—that little extra, thoroughly enjoyable kick.

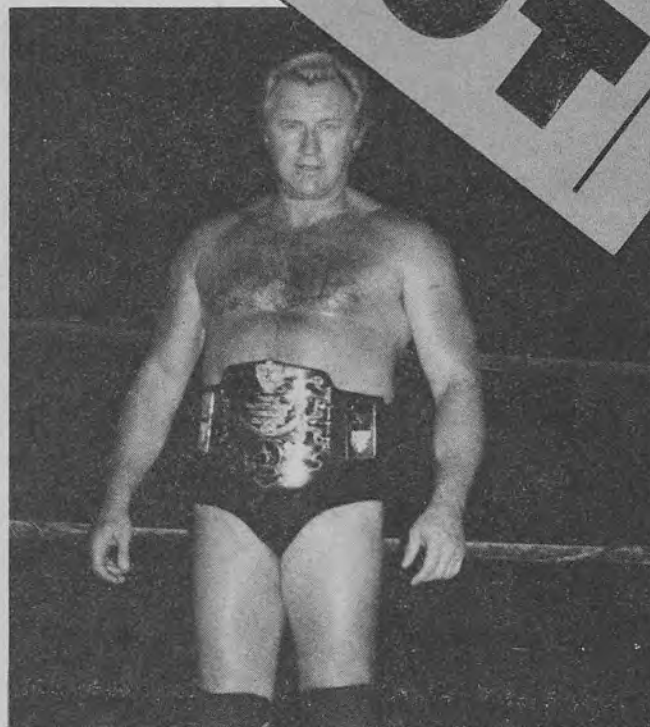
So stands the House Humperdink built: back at full force and sturdier than ever.

GOLD BELT TAKES YOU TO A

BEST BOUNT



**COLONEL
DEBEERS**



**V
S NICK
BOCKWINKEL**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOE M. CARRINO TEXT—MIZ CAT CANE

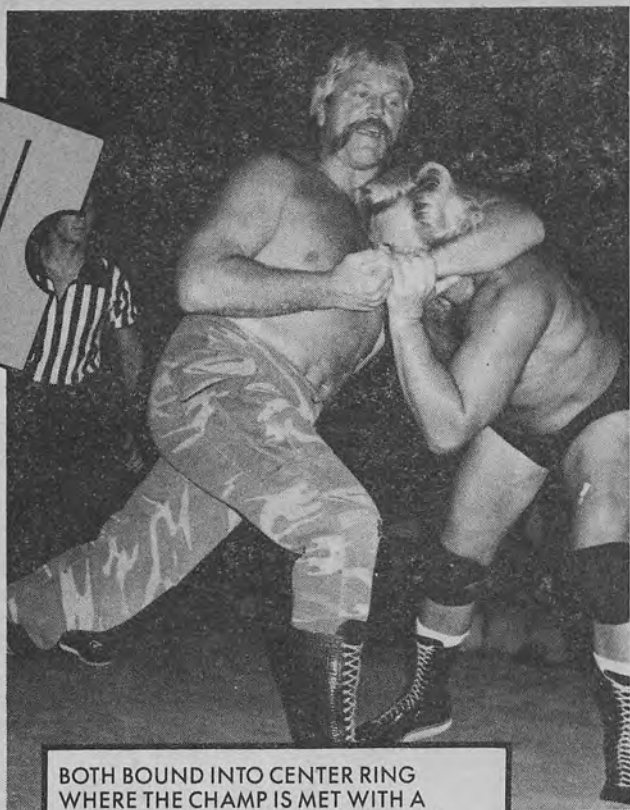
South African super-patriot Colonel DeBeers goose-steps through our arenas, forever fanatically loyal to his homeland and its putrid legacy of apartheid—a high-sounding, lying word used by self-serving cowards and castrated wonders to disguise that smallest-minded of all sacrileges against the human spirit that we know by its true name: racial prejudice.

DeBeers has vowed to take the AWA's top title for himself and twist the Association into a whites-only ghetto where his heritage of hate can sow its seeds deep inside the soul of our sport.

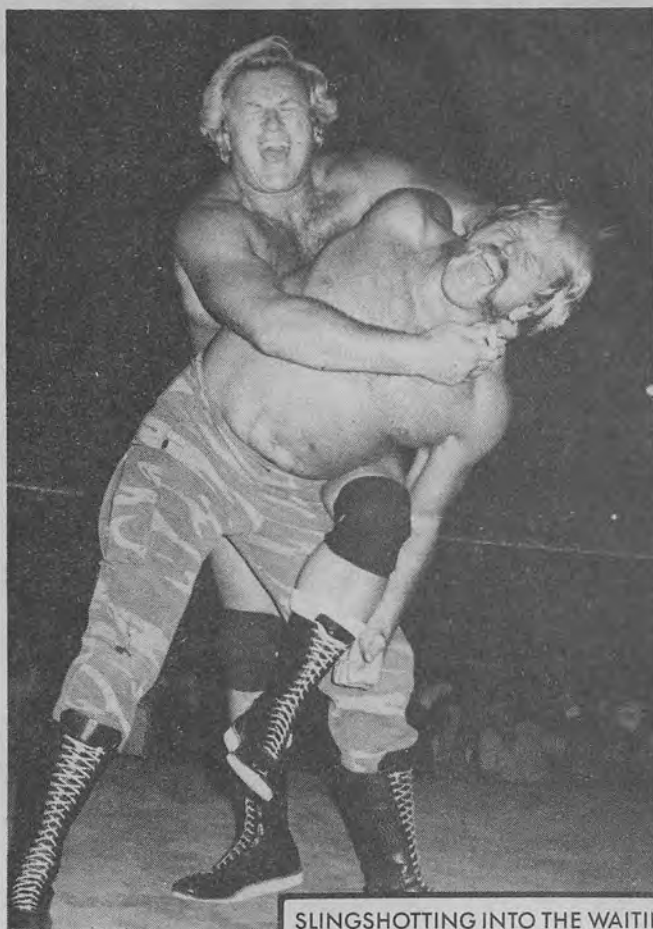
"No way!" jeers Nick Bockwinkel, the man who presently—and again—holds the promotion's main hunk of gold.

But the Colonel's many confrontations with wrestling's lame-duck champion are fraught with close calls and weak-bellied decisions that only grudgingly allow Bockwinkel to wear the belt much as he won it . . . by default.

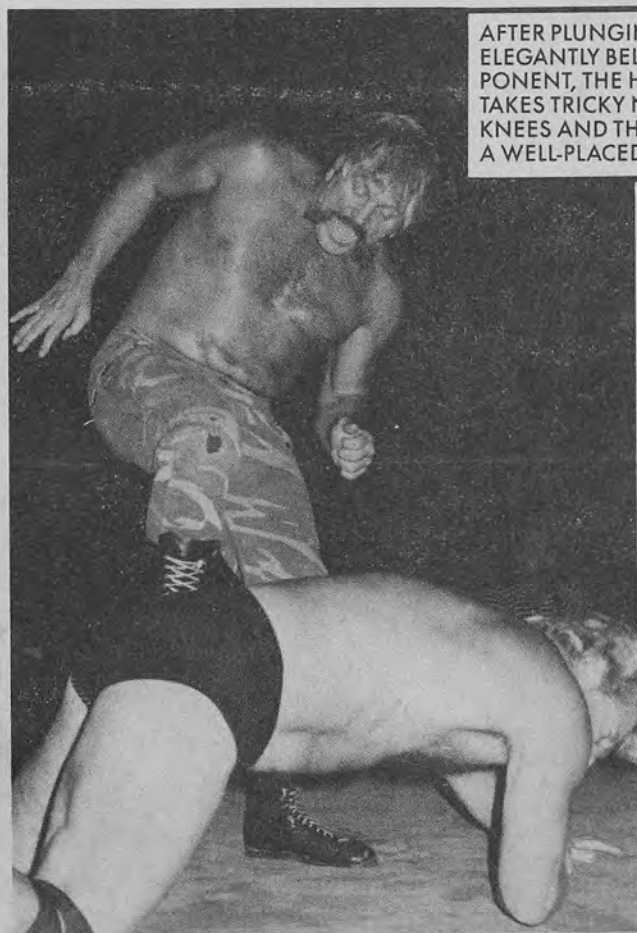
Listen carefully: The next bell you hear may be the one that tolls for the Association in its last hurrah.



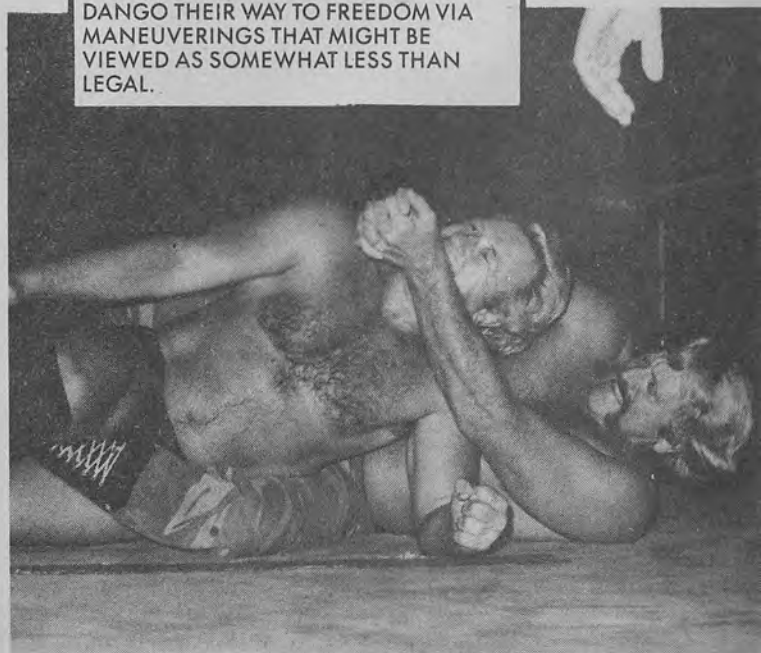
BOTH BOUND INTO CENTER RING WHERE THE CHAMP IS MET WITH A FEROCIOUS HEADLOCK. FINALLY RIPPING AWAY THE CAMOUFLAGED CONTENDER, BOCKWINKEL SENDS THE COLONEL CAREENING TO A FAR ROPE WITH AN AWESOME IRISH WHIP.



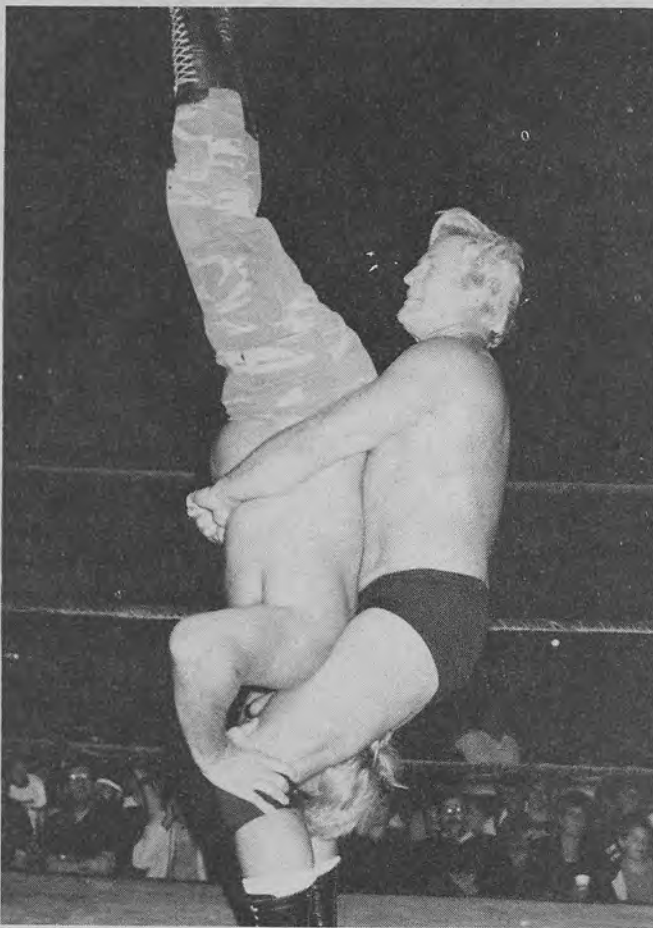
SLINGSHOTTING INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF HIS WILY NEMESIS, DEBEERS IS CAUGHT TIGHT IN AN AGONIZING ABDOMINAL STRETCH.



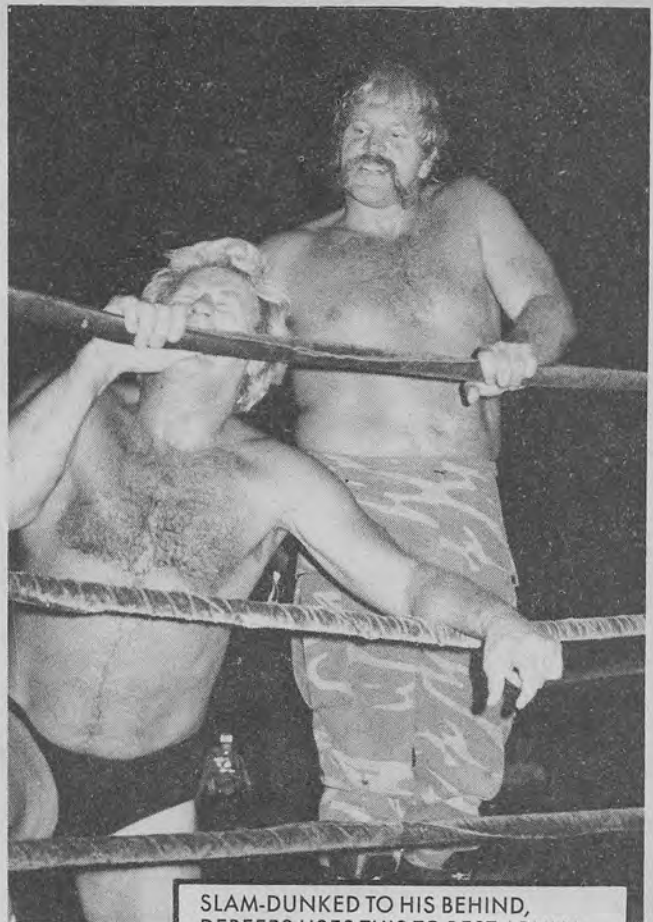
AFTER PLUNGING AN ELBOW IN-ELEGANTLY BELOW THE BELT OF HIS OPPONENT, THE HORROR IN OLIVE-DRAB TAKES TRICKY NICKY FIRST TO HIS KNEES AND THEN HIS BELLY BY WAY OF A WELL-PLACED BOOT.



ALL TIED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO, THE FELLED WARRIORS LOOK TO FANDANGO THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM VIA MANEUVERINGS THAT MIGHT BE VIEWED AS SOMEWHAT LESS THAN LEGAL.

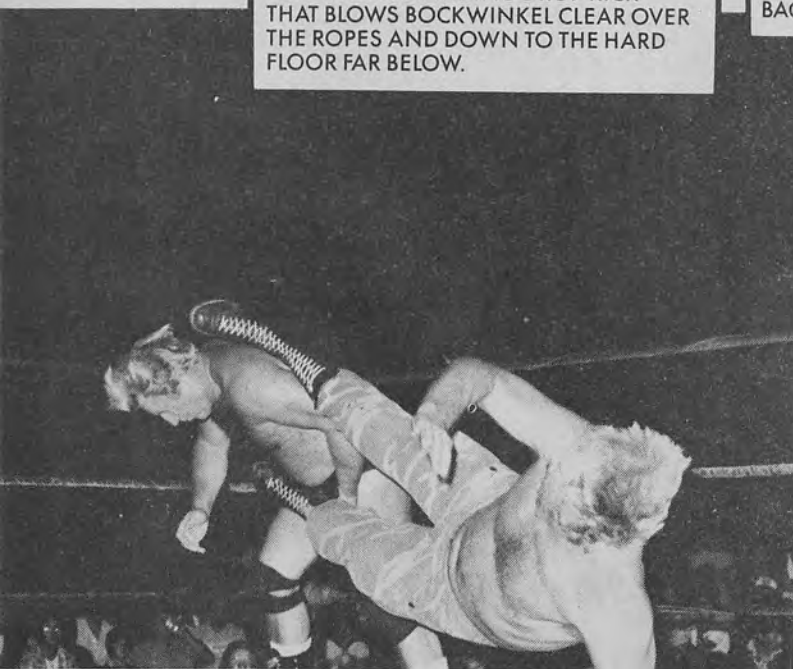


FIRST TO HIS FEET, BOCKWINKEL POUNDS THE DISPLACED BRIT WITH A PUNISHING PILE-DRIVER.

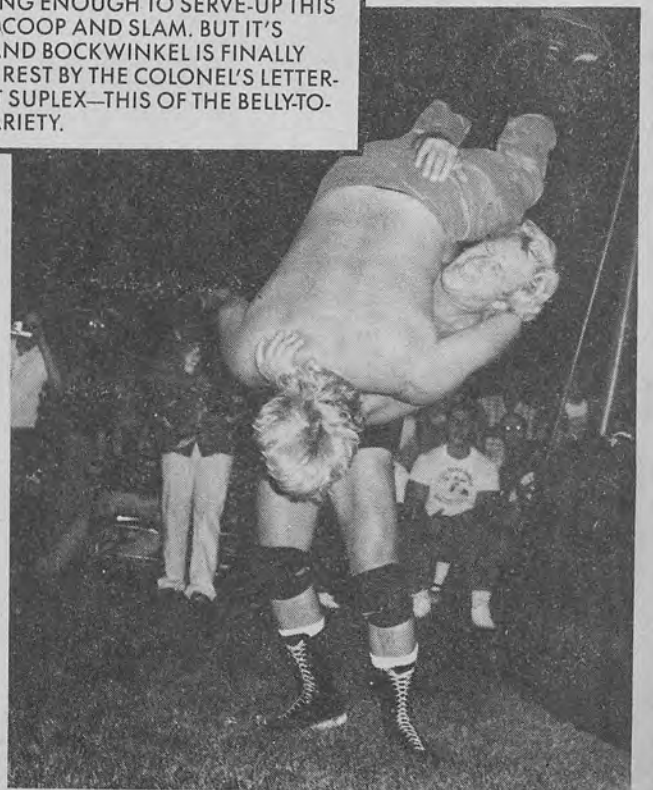


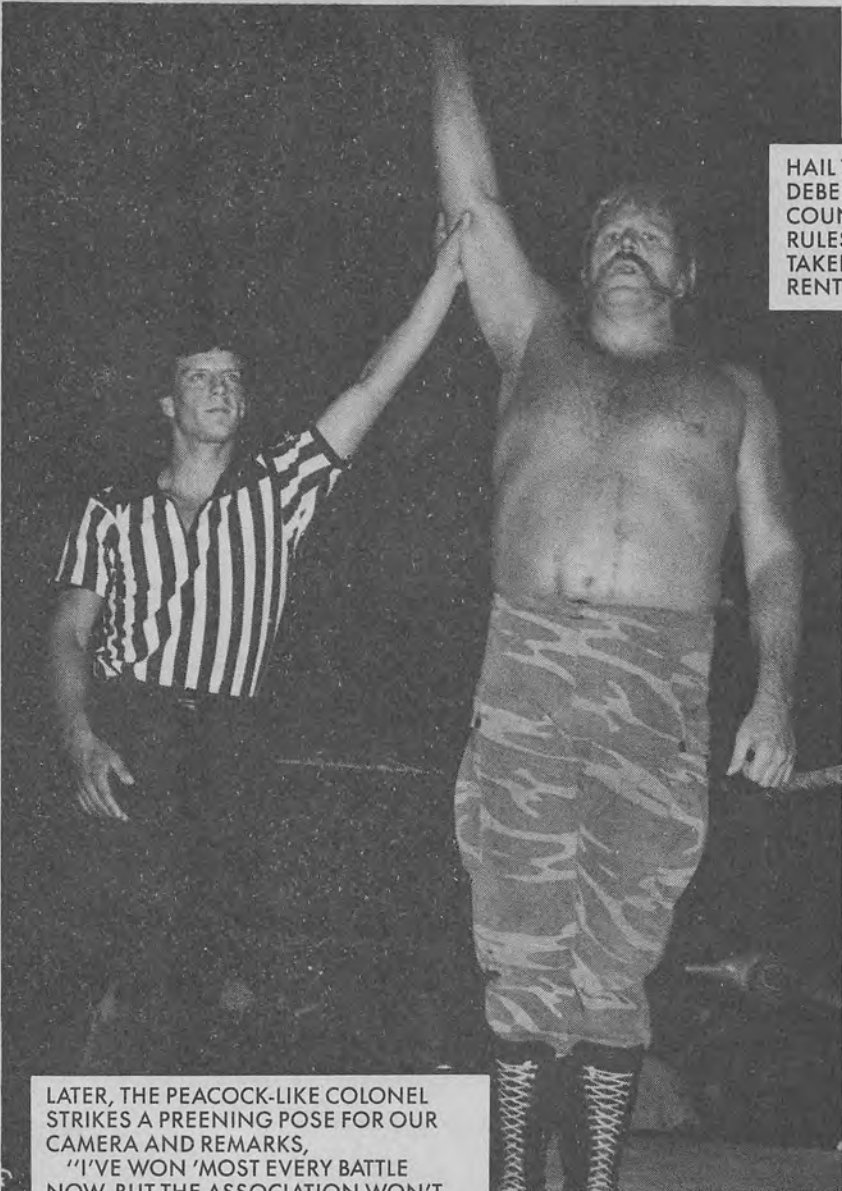
SLAM-DUNKED TO HIS BEHIND, DEBEERS USES THIS TO BEST ADVANTAGE AS HE TRIPS UP THE CHAMP AND THEN TREATS HIM TO A TASTE OF A NEARBY ROPE.

THE SELF-PROCLAIMED "GOOD COLONEL" NOW ZINGS THE BEARER OF THE BELT WITH A STANDING DROP-KICK THAT BLOWS BOCKWINKEL CLEAR OVER THE ROPES AND DOWN TO THE HARD FLOOR FAR BELOW.



SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE SQUARED CIRCLE NICK FINDS THE STUFF TO RALLY JUST LONG ENOUGH TO SERVE-UP THIS SUPER SCOOP AND SLAM. BUT IT'S OVER, AND BOCKWINKEL IS FINALLY LAID TO REST BY THE COLONEL'S LETTER-PERFECT SUPLEX—THIS OF THE BELLY-TO-BACK VARIETY.



A black and white photograph of a muscular man with a mustache, wearing camouflage-patterned wrestling trunks and tall, lace-up boots. He is standing in a preening pose with his right arm raised high, holding a small object. A referee in a striped shirt stands to his left, looking up at him.

HAIL THE CONQUEROR! COLONEL DEBEERS IS GIVEN THE BOUT ON A COUNT-OUT—BUT NOT THE BELT: AWA RULES HOLD THAT A TITLE CANNOT BE TAKEN UNLESS AND UNTIL THE CURRENT CHAMP IS PINNED OR SUBMITS.

LATER, THE PEACOCK-LIKE COLONEL STRIKES A PREENING POSE FOR OUR CAMERA AND REMARKS,

"I'VE WON 'MOST EVERY BATTLE NOW, BUT THE ASSOCIATION WON'T GIVE ME THE WAR.

"I AM THE BETTER MAN—FAR BETTER THAN BOCKWINKEL EVER WAS, EVEN IN HIS BEST DAYS—AND EVERYONE KNOWS IT. I SHOULD BE THE CHAMPION. AND EVERYONE KNOWS THAT AS WELL. I CAN PIN BOCKWINKEL ANY DAY OF THE WEEK. AND I CAN CAUSE HIM TO SUBMIT AS OFTEN AS I WISH. BUT THE ONE THING I CAN'T DO IS MAKE THE MAN STAY INSIDE THE RING.

"SO LONG AS THE AWA AWARDS ITS BELTS TO COWERING FOOLS AND CREATES 'CHAMPIONS' OUT OF THOSE WHO RETREAT IN THE MIDST OF BATTLE, I HAVE NO CHANCE. NOR DOES ANY OTHER WRESTLER.

"INDEED, THE WAY THIS BLOODY BOUNDER GOES BELLY-UP IN THE FACE OF REAL COMPETITION, HE MAY BECOME THE FIRST TITLIST EVER TO HOLD ON TO HIS BELT SO LONG, IT WILL GO WITH HIM INTO THE OLD-AGE HOME. THERE, HE CAN DRAPE IT ACROSS HIS BEDPAN AND FONDLY RECALL HOW HE FOOLED US ALL."

INDEED.



RIC FLAIR: WHOSE BELT IS THIS???

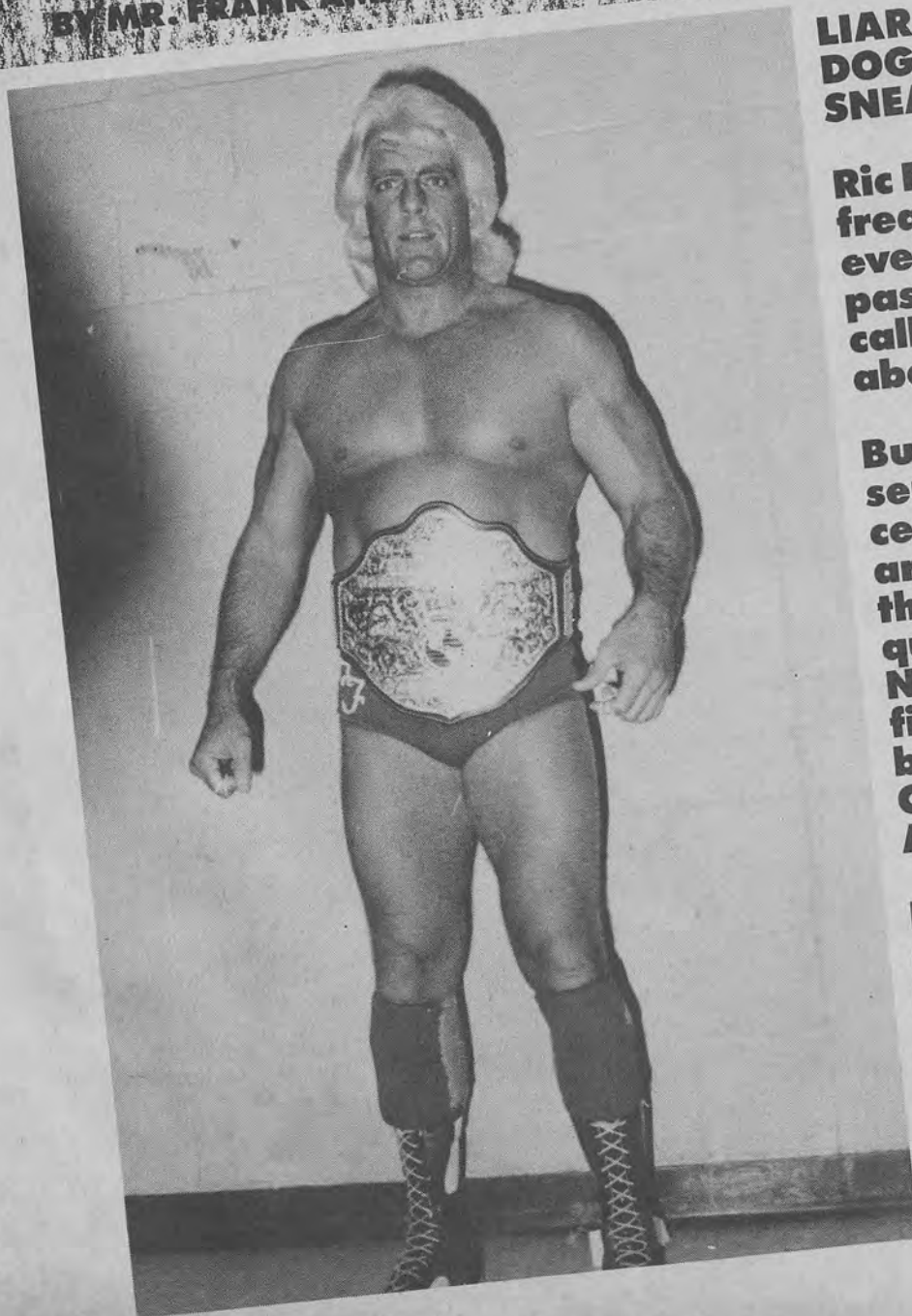
BY MR. FRANK AMATO

**LIAR . . . CHEAT . . .
DOG-BREATH . . .
SNEAK**

Ric Flair is frequently—and ever so passionately!—called all the above. And worse.

But much more serious are the ceaseless barbs and arrows slung by those who won't quit questioning Nature Boy's fitness to bear the banner of Crockett's august Alliance.

Here one of GBW's most learned journalists rips free of the rhetoric and finally lays to rest all doubts surrounding who, alone, has the right to wear the belt.



Ric Flair is currently enjoying his fourth go-round as NWA World Champion. Not only is he enjoying it, but Nature Boy is reveling in it. He flaunts the gold for all to see. He smiles—when not laughing out loud—beats his well-tanned chest and calls himself the greatest wrestler in the world today. . . and ever.

There are even those who agree with Flair. Of course, they may be somewhat prejudiced in their views, since the individuals to whom we refer are none other than Tully Blanchard, J.J. Dillon, Arn Anderson, and his brother Ole—otherwise known as The Four Horsemen and Flair's favorite henchmen.

Ric regained the belt in St. Louis Missouri on August 9th, when he made The American Dream Dusty Rhodes submit to a punishing figure-4 leg lock. That last sentence may read simple-like, but it doesn't begin to tell the full story.

It all began two* days earlier in Kansas City. Dream was successfully defending his belt against the Nature Boy, who he had previously beaten on July 26th in Greensboro, N.C., inside the steel cage, for that very title. So it was in Kansas City that Flair and Dusty were going at it pretty good, with Rhodes in control, when in walked Tully Blanchard and J.J. Dillon. Bully happened to be brandishing a chair at the time, which he used to batter Dream's left leg.

Rhodes was badly injured and should never have wrestled Flair in St. Louis. But the proud Dream wouldn't give his despised foe even this grim satisfaction. As the match went into full gear, it became more and more evident that Dusty's devastated limb could not continue to withstand the dreaded leg holds for which, among many other misdeeds, Flair is so famous.

All watched as Nature Boy repeatedly and mercilessly brutalized The American Dream's sore spot.

Has Flair anything to say about this? You bet: "I beat Rhodes fair and square. And I didn't ask for anybody's help. In fact, Tully and J.J. weren't even on the card but had come

to town only to go shopping for clothes. Their attack on Rhodes was their own idea. If he was dumb enough to wrestle me while his leg was supposedly so badly injured, that's his folly. Once again I proved that I am the greatest. Bar none. And I'm no fool. Sure, I took advantage of his injuries. Wrestling is a rough business, and I'm all business. Besides, Dream Cakes is a big boy now and should have known better."

"Ric Flair doesn't deserve to wear the belt," rages Rock 'N' Roller Ricky Morton.

"I wrestled him during The Great American Bash and ended up getting my nose broken. Yeah, broken by Flair, with help from the Andersons and Dillon. They held me down while Nature Boy came at me with those knee drops he does off the turnbuckle, getting me at the back of the head and driving my face right into the mat.

"You see, Flair fears me because I beat him on TV just a few weeks before. The man was embarrassed. I humiliated him. Twice during the Bashes I was cheated out of the belt only because this so-called champ grabbed my tights for the pin.

"Is this the mark of a champion? I don't think so. And neither do the fans. Flair goes around shouting all the time about how great he is and how he was able to beat me. But the world knows the real story. The fans all know that he was able to put me down only because he used unfair and cheating tactics."

How does Mr. Flair feel about the commentary registered by the Rocker?

The champ smiled without humor and lazily drawled, "Little Ricky Morton is like a small child who takes his marbles and goes home if things don't go his way.

"What he forgot to mention is that after I beat him in Roanoke, he stole the belt from me. I mean he literally mugged me for it. This was after the bout had ended.

"Morton just can't face the reality of the situation: I scored the win over him like the great champion I am.

"Okay, so I roughed the kid up some. And I hurt his little nose. But that, my friend, is called intimidation. If you intimidate your opponent right at the beginning, he doesn't forget it. And maybe he won't be so quick to challenge you again."

Nature boy has always been big on intimidation. But more so now, if that's possible, since his alliance with The Four Horsemen. Together, they have been wreaking terror and destruction

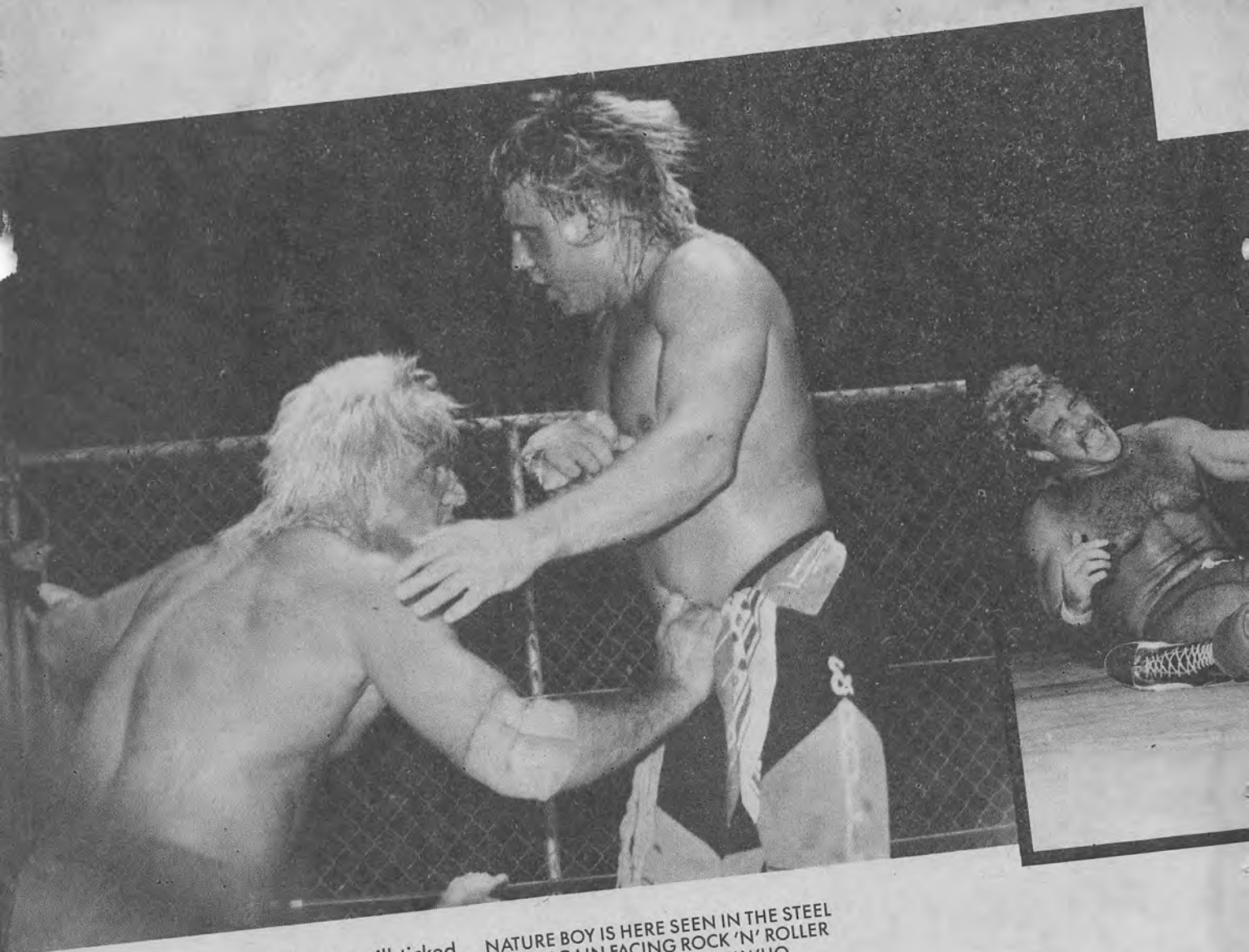
throughout the NWA that's kept the whole promotion in an uproar. No one's safe. Their attacks on Ricky and Dream outside the ring are matters of public record.

Just recently, the bloodthirsty quartet waylaid Rhodes in a parking lot adjacent to the offices of promoter Jim Crockett Jr.

After Ole Anderson felled Dusty with a blunt instrument from behind, they tied him to a parked pickup truck. At this point, Blanchard used that instrument to batter Rhodes' back, arms and hands. As a result of that one episode, Dusty's right hand was broken.

Why? Apparently because The American Dream was next in line to challenge Flair for his title.

"Not so," says Flair. "That may be the way Rhodes sees it, but it isn't so. I wasn't involved in the incident. Unless I miss my guess, the whole thing hap-



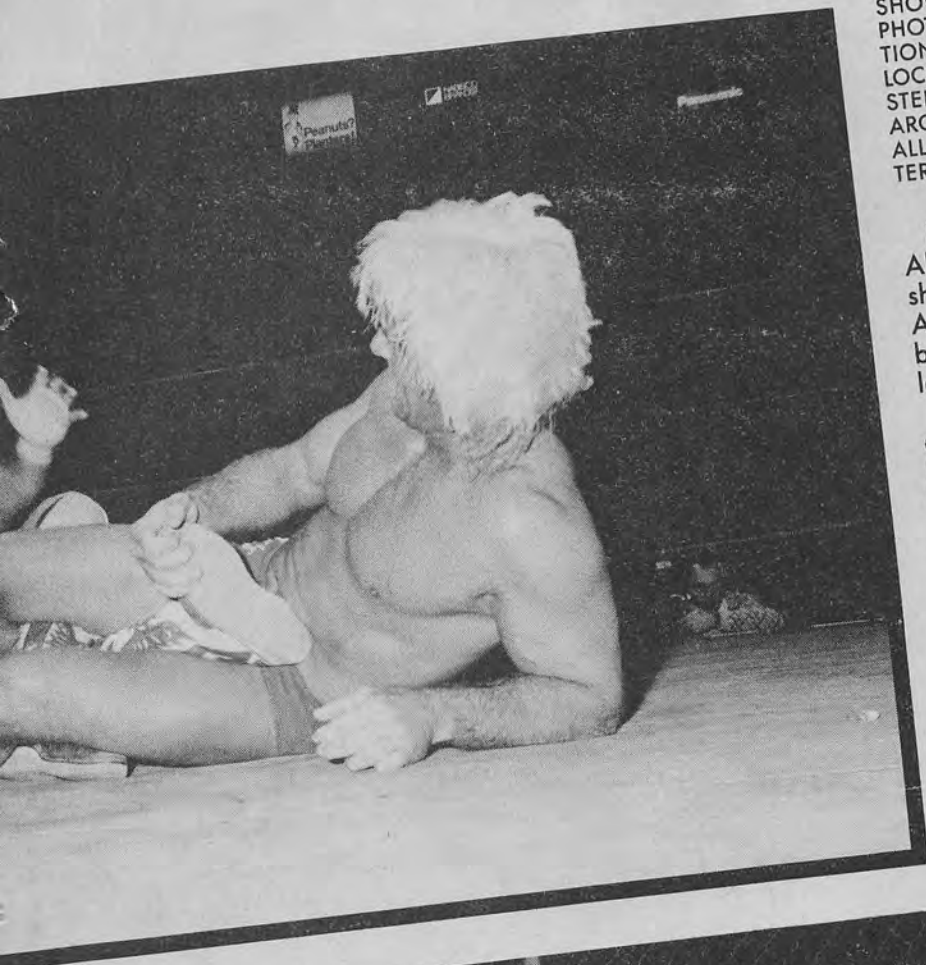
pened because Tully was still ticked over an incident that had occurred a few weeks before. That's when Rhodes tried to put Blanchard into a figure-4. Rhodes of course couldn't do it, so he went to work on Tully with a chair and broke his left leg. This wasn't an accident: he fully intended to seriously injure the Horseman. So, you can't blame Blanchard for wanting to get even."

True, witnesses did not count Flair among those physically participating in the attack upon Dream. But to be even faintly familiar with the way Nature Boy operates is to be sure that he was somehow involved and probably engineered the whole thing from behind the scenes.

Ricky Morton has this to say on the subject, "Whenever The Four Horsemen are up to something, you can bet Flair had more than a share in it.

NATURE BOY IS HERE SEEN IN THE STEEL CAGE, AGAIN FACING ROCK 'N' ROLLER RICK MORTON. IT WAS RICKY WHO POSED ONE OF THE MOST MAMMOTH THREATS EVER TO THE LONG REIGN OF THIS, WRESTLING'S PERENNIAL CHAMP.

"They are very devious people who fully intend to control the NWA and all its belts. That's why the Andersons became part of the gang. They want the tag titles which Rob Gibson and I now hold. It's come down to total warfare. They must be stopped."



SHOW AND TELL TIME: THE NEXT THREE PHOTOS BEAR-OUT RIC FLAIR'S REPUTATION AS MASTER OF THE FIGURE-4 LEG LOCK. IN THIS, HE'S WENDING THE STEEL VISE OF HIS MUSCLED LIMB AROUND OUR RECENTLY FALLEN AND ALL-TIME-FAVORITE HERO MAGNUM TERRY ALLEN...

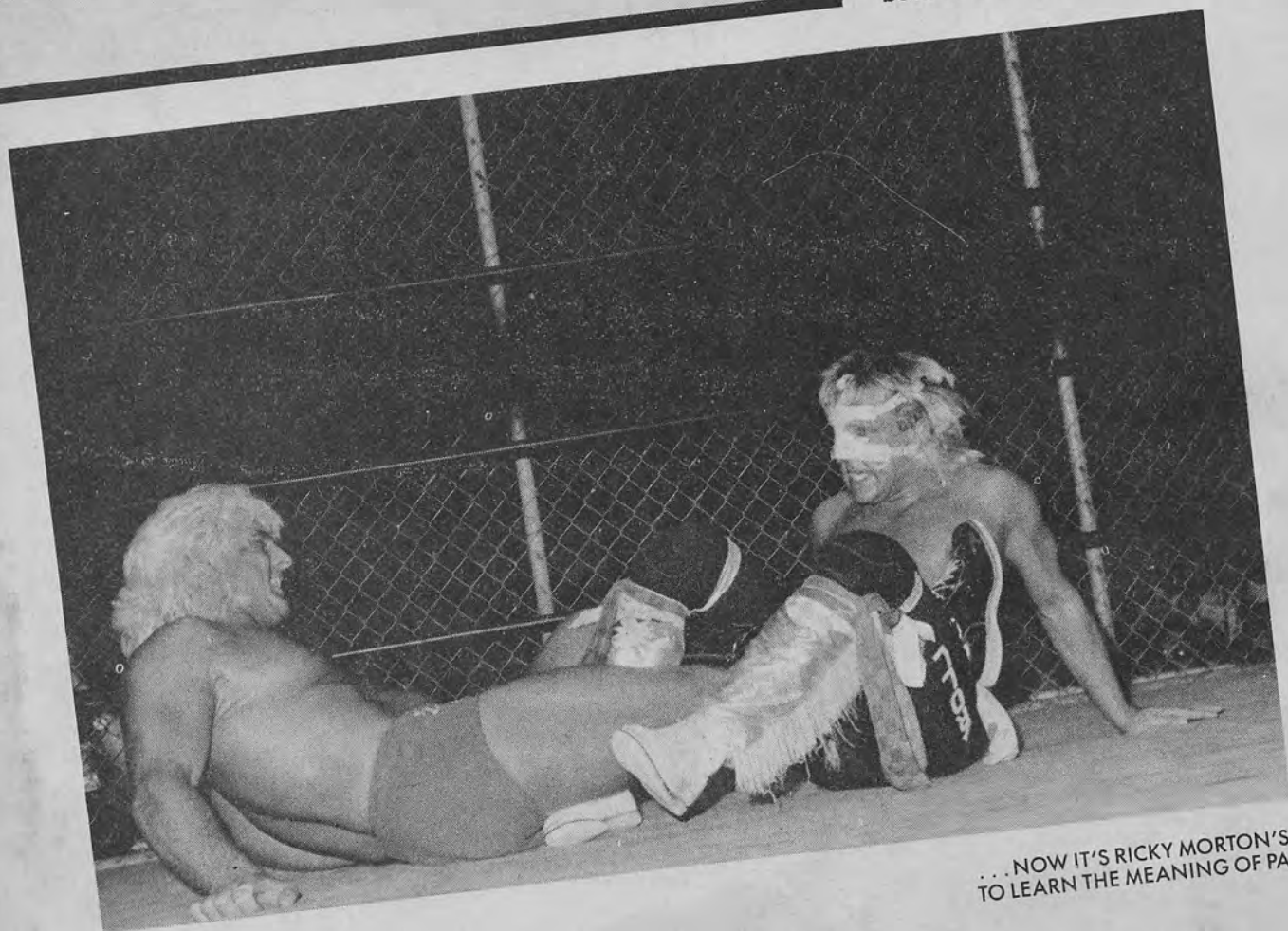
Dusty Rhodes, who won the Alliance's Heavyweight Championship from Flair during Crockett's American Bash, only to lose it right back to Nature Boy some dozen days later, agrees with Morton.

"I put away Flair inside a steel cage, and right away The Four Horsemen were on my case to get the belt back for their buddy," says Dusty.

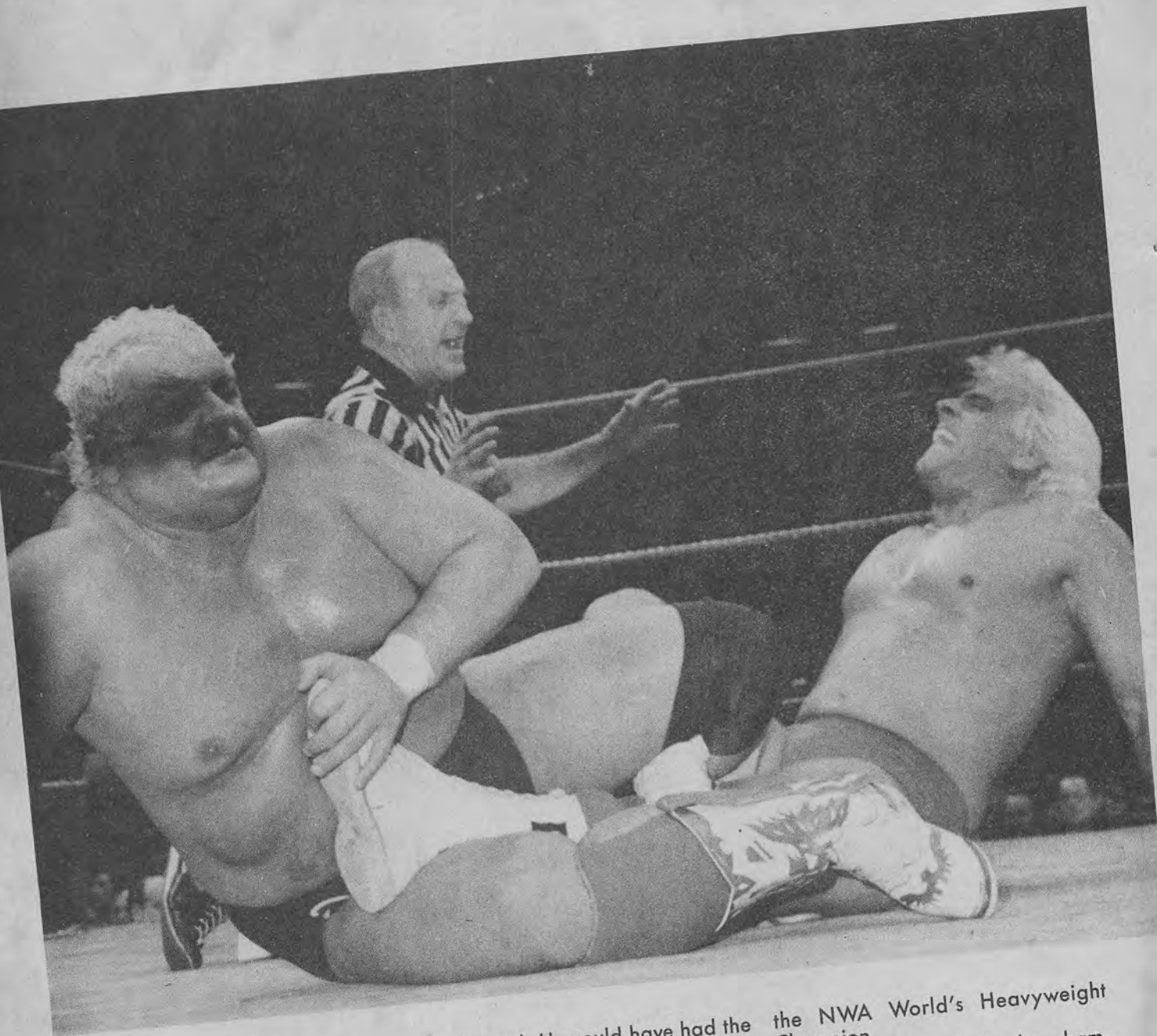
"J.J. Dillon and Bully Blanchard meant to hurt me. Even Flair got in a few kicks. He was involved. Make no mistake on that count.

"They all wanted Dusty Rhodes injured so Flair could have his unfair edge.

"If you need further proof, that unprovoked assault pitched me outside Jim Crockett's office should tell you something. And Flair may not have been around physically, but he was



... NOW IT'S RICKY MORTON'S TURN TO LEARN THE MEANING OF PAIN...



... AND THERE'S NO WAY OUT, EVEN FOR THE AMERICAN DREAM.

there in spirit. Dues will get paid, Jack."

The major question remains: is Ric Flair fit to wear the belt?

Of course irate fans all say, "NO WAY!"

But GBW reluctantly must play the part of the devil's advocate and remind everyone, personal feelings aside, that the Dream did submit in a match that ran its course without outside interference from any quarter. Dusty entered the ring that night more aware than anyone else that his leg

was injured. He could have had the bout postponed until he was back to 100%. But he did not. And, so, he was defeated. And there was nothing unfair about it.

Yes, had Flair not been able to regain his belt, you can bet that The Four Horsemen would have made their move.

But the thing is, it never came to that. Ricky Morton and The American Dream are entitled to their opinions. When the subject is Nature Boy, they are almost always right.

But all the talk in the world can't change the fact that Dusty did submit. Therefore, like it or not, Ric Flair is

the NWA World's Heavyweight Champion.

And he will remain the champion... until a better wrestler comes along and defeats him. ■

A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE PHOTOS



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH OX BAKER IS ASKING—NAY: DEMANDING!—THAT WE UNITE UNDER THE BANNER OF ICW. AND WHEN SOMEONE WITH A FACE LIKE THAT TALKS, YOU'D BEST LISTEN-UP REAL CLOSE.



NOT CONTENT WITH BEING JUST ANOTHER PRETTY FACE, DREAM QUEEN MAXINE HAS BEEN TRAINED BY THE BEST AND IS MORE THAN UP TO WHATEVER COMPETITION COMES HER WAY.



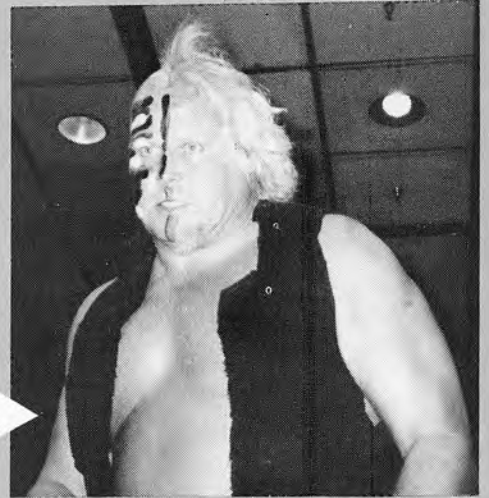
A LADY WE KNOW DESCRIBES HER FIRST FACE-TO-FACE ENCOUNTER WITH THE AUSTIN IDOL: "I TOOK ONE LOOK AT HIM AND, I SWEAR, THE BUILDING'S SPRINKLER SYSTEM WENT OFF. GOD, I'M IN LOVE."

JIMMY CORNETTE SEEMS TO TAKE A DOUR VIEW OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT BUT LATER 'FESSES-UP A SECRET AMBITION TO BECOME A PROFESSIONAL PICTURE-TAKER. "I'LL ASK MOTHER TO BUY ME A CAMERA FIRST THING TOMORROW MORNING," SAYS MAMA'S PRIDE AND JOY.





ELIZABETH: AS IS.



BOB ROOP A/K/A MAYA SINGH: THE WAY HE WAS.

THE MIDNIGHT ROCKERS ARE YOUNG MEN ON THE RISE . . . AND HAVE TO KNOW IT . . . BUT BOTH MARTY JANNETTY AND SEAN MICHAELS REMAIN TWO OF THE SWEETEST BOYS IN THE BIZ AND ALWAYS HAVE TIME TO POSE FOR "JUST ONE MORE PICTURE".



HERE SUPER-PROMOTER MARIO SAVOLDI AND FOUR-TIME AWA CHAMP NICK BOCKWINKEL ENGAGE IN ONE OF THOSE HIGH-POWERED, EMPIRE-TOPPLING MEETINGS WHERE GREAT FORTUNES ARE WON OR LOST AND MEN MADE OR BROKEN. AFTER HOURS OF DEEPEST CONVERSATION, A DECISION IS REACHED: THEY'LL FOREGO THE CHOW-CHOW CUP AT LUM'S CHINESE RESTAURANT AND INSTEAD HOP OVER TO SEE MARIO'S MOM FOR A BIG PLATE OF SPAGHETTI AND MEATBALLS. GOOD THINKING, GENTLEMEN! —KIDDING ASIDE, IF THEY GAVE OUT AN AWARD FOR WORLD'S NICEST GUY, MARIO WOULD BE SURE TO GET IT.

Is There Something You Wanted To Say? . . . You've seen our magazine. Now how about telling us what you think of it.

We aim to please but can do so only if you tell us what you want.

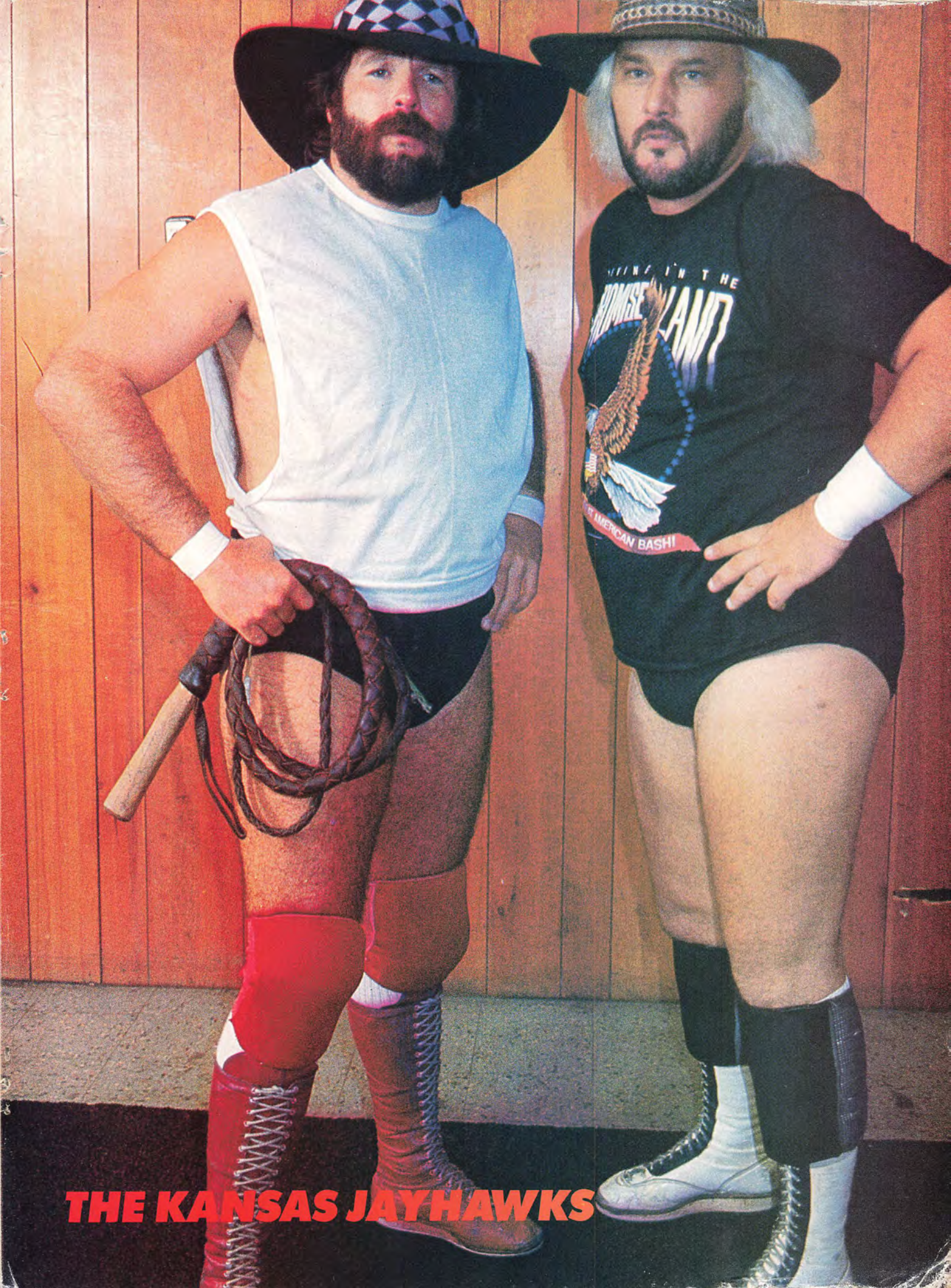
Every one of your comments and suggestions will be carefully read, seriously considered and—if you come up with a real goody—will be published in a future issue of *Gold Belt Wrestling*.

Please address your letters to the personal attention of

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Til next time,

The Staff
Gold Belt Wrestling



THE KANSAS JAYHAWKS



SGT. SLAUGHTER